

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## NEW BOOKS.

DREAMTHORPE: A Book of Essays written in the Country. By Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," "City Poems," etc. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. [A beautifully printed book—of which our readers will probably find a review copied from some of the English journals.]

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## DECEMBER.

WELCOME, Ancient of the year !  
Though thy face be pale and drear,  
Though thine eye be veiled in night,  
Though thy scattered locks be white,  
Though thy feeble form be bowed  
In the mantle of the cloud ;

Yet, December, with thee come  
All the old delights of home ;  
Lovelier never stole the hour  
In the summer's rosy bower,  
Than around thy social hearth,  
When the few we love on earth,  
With their heart of holiday,  
Meet to laugh the night away ;  
Talking of the thousand things  
That to Time give swiftest wings ;  
Not unmixed with memories dear,  
Such as in a higher sphere  
Might bedim an angel's eye—  
Feelings of the days gone by,  
Of the friends who made a part  
Of our earliest heart of heart ;  
Thoughts that still around us twine  
Chastened with a woe divine.

But when all are wrapped in sleep,  
Let me list the whirlwind's sweep,  
Rushing through the forest wide  
Like a charging army's ride,  
Or with thoughts of riper age,  
Wander o'er some splendid page,  
Writ as with the burning coal,  
Transcript of the Grecian's soul !  
Or the ponderous tomes unhasp  
Where a later spirit's grasp,  
Summoned from a loftier band,  
Spite of rack and blade and brand,  
With the might of miracle  
Rent the more than pagan veil,  
And disclosed to modern eyes  
God's true pathway to the skies.

## MORTALITY.

"And we shall be changed."

YE dainty mosses, lichens gray,  
Pressed each to each in tender fold,  
And peacefully thus day by day  
Returning to their mould ;

Brown leaves that with aerial grace  
Slip from your branch like birds a-wing,  
Each leaving in the appointed place  
Its bud of future spring ;—

If we, God's conscious creatures, knew  
But half your faith in our decay,  
We should not tremble as we do  
When summoned clay to clay.

But with an equal patience sweet  
We should put off this mortal gear,  
In whatsoever new form is meet  
Content to re-appear.

Knowing each germ of life He gives  
Must have in Him its source and rise,  
Being that of His being lives  
May change, but never dies.

Ye dead leaves, dropping soft and slow,  
Ye mosses green and lichens fair,  
Go to your graves, as I will go,  
For God is also there !

—Miss Muloch.

## DIFFERENCES.

FALL not out upon the way ;  
Short it is, and soon will end ;  
Better far to fly the fray  
Than to lose the friend.

Christ hath sent you, two and two,  
With a mandate to return :  
Can ye meet the Master's view,  
If with wrath ye burn ?

If thy brother seemeth slow,  
Jeer not, but thy quickness slack ;  
Rather than divided go,  
Keep the wearier track.

Quit not, as for shorter line,  
Ancient ways together trod ;  
Joy to read at once the sign  
Pointing on to God.

Teach each other, as ye walk,  
How to sing the angel's song ;  
Fill the time with homeward talk,  
Then 'twill not be long.

Gently deal with those who roam,  
Silent as to wanderings past ;  
So, together at your home  
All arrive at last.

—Lord Kinlock.

## A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

USELESSLY, aimlessly drifting through life,  
What was I born for ? "For somebody's wife,"  
I am told by my mother. Well, that being true,  
"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view:  
And if naught but marriage will settle my fate,  
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.  
For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman  
is ?—

You might easily find a more beautiful phiz ;  
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain  
He who seeks for perfection will seek *here* in vain.  
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is  
perverse,  
And I should not feel grateful, "for better or  
worse,"

To take the first booby that graciously came  
And offered those treasures—his home and his  
name.

I think, then, my chances of marriage are small ;  
But why should I think of such chances at all ?  
My brothers are all of them younger than I,  
Yet they thrive in the world, why not let me try ?  
I know that in business I'm not an adept,  
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept.  
But—this is the question that puzzles my mind—  
Why *am* I not trained up to work of some kind ?  
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,  
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife" ?

—*Eclectic Magazine.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE BOATMAN.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

## I.

HALF sleeping still, I stand among  
 The silvery, trembling sedges,  
 And hear the river rolling strong,  
 Through mists that veil its edges.  
 "Up, Boatman, up! the moments flee  
 As on the bank I shiver;  
 And thou must row me towards the sea  
 Along this length of river."  
 The Boatman rose and stretched his hand,—  
 "Come in—thou hast far to go;"  
 And through the drowsy reeds from land  
 The boat went soft and slow;  
 Stealing and stilly, and soft and slow.

And the Boatman looked in my face, and smiled:  
 "Thy lids are yet heavy; sleep on, poor child!  
 Lulled by the drip  
 Of the oars I dip,  
 Measured and musical, sure and steady—  
 Sleep by my side  
 While from home we glide."  
 And I dreamily murmur, "From home already!"

## II.

I awake with a start—on my sight flashes day.  
 "So late, and so little advanced on the way;  
 Arouse thee, old laggard, and row me faster,  
 Or never a stiver thou'lt get from me."  
 "When the voyage is over, my pert young mas-  
 ter,  
 Be sure the gray Boatman will earn his fee.  
 But whether I seem to thee fast or slow,  
 There is but one speed for the boat I row;  
 I measure my movements by no man's taste,  
 Whether he ask me to halt or haste.  
 Plish, plash, drop upon drop,  
 On without hurry, but on without stop;  
 The clock on yon turret is not so steady."  
 "If crawl we must at this snail-like pace,  
 Ere the river flow curved to the curving shore,  
 Let me take a last look at my native place,  
 And the green of the sedges—one last look  
 more.  
 Where the home of my birth?  
 Is it blotted from earth?  
 Just left, and now lost to my sight already!"

Tauntingly answered the Boatman gray:  
 "Not a moment ago  
 Didst thou call me slow;  
 But already's a word thou wilt often say.  
 'Tis the change of the shore  
 Proves the speed of the oar,  
 Stealing the banks away, stealthy, steady."

## III.

"See from the buds of the almond bough  
 A beautiful fairy rise;  
 Now it skims o'er the glass of the wave, and now  
 It soars to its kindred skies;  
 Follow its flight,  
 Or, lost to sight,  
 It will vanish amid the skies!"

"My boat cannot flee as thy fairy flees;  
 Ten thousand things with brighter wings  
 Disport in the sun, and, one by one,  
 Are scattered before the breeze.  
 But only the earliest seen, as now,  
 Can dazzle deluded eyes;  
 And never again from the almond bough  
 For thee will a fairy rise!  
 Already the insect is drowned in the wave  
 Which I cut with my careless oar;  
 Already thine eye has forgotten its grave,  
 Allured by the roses on shore.  
 Tho' I measure my movements by no man's taste,  
 Whether he ask me to halt or haste,  
 Yet I time my way to the best of my power,  
 That the fairest place hath the fairest hour;  
 Behold, in the moment most golden of day,  
 Air and wave take the hues of the rose-garden  
 bay.  
 While my boat glides as softly as if it could stop,  
 The oars on the smoothness so languidly drop,  
 Softer and softer,  
 Softer and softer,  
 Softer and softer, though never less steady.  
 Interfused on the stream  
 Both the rose and the beam,  
 Lo, the arms of the bay close around the al-  
 ready!"  
 "Rising out from the stream,  
 As from slumber a dream—  
 Is it Eden that closes around me already?"

## IV.

"Oh, land and leave me! take my gold;  
 My course is closed before the sea.  
 Fair on the garden mount, behold  
 An angel form that beckons to me!  
 With her to rest, as rests the river,  
 In airs which rose-hues flush forever."  
 "Thou bad'st me follow a fairy, when  
 An insect rose from the almond bough;  
 I did not follow thy fairy then,  
 I may not halt for thine angel now.  
 Never the fare whom I once receive,  
 Till the voyage be over, I land or leave.  
 But I'm not such a churl as I seem to be,  
 And the angel may sit in my boat with thee."  
 Tinkle, tinkle—"What means that bell?"  
 "Thine angel is coming thyself to tell.  
 See her stand on the margin by which we shall  
 glide—  
 Open thine arms and she springs to thy side."  
 "Close, close to my side,  
 O angel! O bride!  
 A fresh sun on the universe dawns from thine  
 eyes,  
 To shine evermore  
 Through each change on the shore,  
 And undimmed by each cloud that flits over the  
 skies."  
 Side by side thus we whisper—"Who loves,  
 loves forever,  
 As wave upon wave to the sea runs the river,  
 And the oar on the smoothness drops noiseless  
 and steady,  
 Till we start with a sigh,  
 Was it she—was it I—"

Who first turned to look back on the way we  
had made?

Who first saw the soft tints of the garden-land  
fade?

Who first sighed, "See, the rose-hue is fading  
already!"

## V.

"Boatman, look at the blackening cloud;  
Put into yon sheltered creek,  
For the lightning is bursting its ghastly shroud,  
And hark how the thunders break!"

"No storm on this river outlasts its hour;  
As I stayed not for sun, so I stay not for shower.  
Is thy mantle too scanty to cover thy bride?  
Or are two not as one, if they cling side to  
side?"

I gather my mantle around her form,  
And as on one bosom descends the storm.

"Look up," said the Boatman; "the storm is  
spent:

No storm on this river outlasts its hour;  
And the glories that color the world are blent  
In the cloud which gave birth to the thunder-  
shower."

The heaven is glad with the iris-beams,  
The earth with the sparkling dew;  
And fresher and brighter creation seems,  
For the rain that has pierced me through.  
There's a change in myself, and the change is  
chill;

There's a change, O my bride, in thee.  
Is it the shade from the snow-capt hill,  
Which reaches as we near the sea?  
But gone from her eye is the tender light,  
From her lip the enchanting play;  
And all of the angel that blest my sight  
Has passed from my bride away;  
Like the fairy that dazzled my earlier sight,  
The angel has passed away.

Muttered the Boatman, "So like them all;  
They mark the change in the earth and sky,  
Yet marvel that change should themselves befall,  
And that hearts should change with the chang-  
ing eye;

They swear 'forever' to sigh 'already'!  
Within from the bosom, without on the  
stream,  
Flit shadow and light as a dream flits on  
dream;  
But never to hurry, and never to stop,  
Plish, plash, drop upon drop,  
My oars, through all changes, move constant and  
steady."

Down the stream still we glide,  
Still we sit side by side—  
Side by side, feeling lonely, and sighing "al-  
ready!"

## VI.

Bustle and clatter, and dissonant roar!  
The mart of a mighty town,  
From the cloudy height to the stony shore,  
Wearily lengthening down.

And here and there, and everywhere,  
Are gamblers at eager play—  
The poor and the rich, none can guess which is  
which,

So motley mixed are they.  
Not a man but his part in the gaming takes,  
Wherever the dice from the dice-box fall;  
Beggars or prince in the lottery stakes—  
The beggar his crust, and the prince his all.  
And the prizes the winners most loudly boast,  
Even more than the gems and gold,  
Are the toys which an infant esteems the most,  
Ere he come to be five years old.  
A coral of bells, or a trumpet of tin,  
Or a ribbon for dolls to wear—  
The greybeard who treasures like these may win,  
The crowd on their shoulders bear.

There's a spell in the strife  
Of this gambling life,  
The strong and the feeble, the fickle, the steady  
To its pastime it draws,  
As the whirlpool that, sportive, sucks into its  
eddy  
The fleets and the straws.

"Hold, Boatman! I can bear no more  
The sameness of the unsocial wave,  
And thou shalt land me on the shore,  
Or in the stream I'll find my grave.  
For the sport of man's strife  
Gives the zest to man's life;  
Without it, his manhood dies.  
Be it jewel or toy, not the prize gives the joy,  
But the striving to win the prize."

"Never the fare whom I once receive,  
Till the voyage be over, I land or leave;  
But if thou wouldst gamble for toy or dress,  
I am not such a churl as thy wish to cross."

Tinkle, tinkle—"What means that bell?"  
"The gamblers are coming thyself to tell.  
Both the angel and gambler are equally free  
To sit by thy side till we come to the sea."

Clatter and clamor, tumult and din!  
As the boat skims the jetty, they scramble in;  
Foeman or friend,  
Welcome the same;  
Ere we come to the end  
Of the changeable game,  
The foe may be friend,  
And the friend may be foe;  
Out of hazards in common alliances grow.  
The stranger who stakes on my side is my friend—  
Against me, a brother my foe.

Jangle and wrangle, and babel and brawl,  
As down from the loud box the dumb dies fall;  
A hoot for the loser, a shout for the winner;  
He who wins is the saint—he who loses, the  
sinner.

Scared away from my side, as they press round  
the dies,  
Still my bride has her part in my life;  
For it charms her to share in the gauds of the  
prize,  
Though she shrinks from the rage of the strife.



Plish, plash, drop upon drop.

Never we hurry, and never we stop!

With our eyes on the east, and our souls in the game,

While the shores that slip by us seem always the same.

Jangle and wrangle, and tumult and brawl,  
And hurrah for the victor who bubbles us all!  
And the prize of the victor I've well-nigh won,  
When all of a sudden drops down the sun.

One throw, and thy favors, O Fortune, I crown!  
Hurrah for the victor!—I start with a frown,  
For all of a sudden the sun drops down.

"I see not the die—

Is it cloud fleeting by?

Or is it—it cannot be—night already?"

"The sun," said a voice, as black shadows descend,

"Has sunk in the sea where the river shall end;  
Unheeded the lapse of the stream and the light;  
Warns as vainly the sea heard distinct through the night?

Hark! the whispers that creep

From the World of the Deep,

Which I hear with the oars, sounding solemn and steady."

"I hear but the winds that caressingly creep  
Through the ever-green laurels remote from the deep;

Though the sunlight is gone, soon the planets will rise."

From the boatman, then, turning, I gaze on the skies,

And watch for Orion—to light up the dies.

"What gleams from the shore?

Hold, but one moment more;

Rest under yon light, shining down from the height.

Hurrah for the victor!—but one throw more.

"No rest on the river—that's past for thee;

The beacon but shines as a guide to the sea.

One chime of the oar, ere it halt evermore,

Muffled and dirgelike, and sternly steady;

And the beacon illuming the last of the shore

Shall flash on the sea to thy murmur—

"Already!"

Then seems there to float

Down the length of the way,—

From the sedges remote—

From the rose-garden bay—

From the town and the mart—

From the river's deep heart—

From the heart of the land—

From the lips of the bride,

Through the darkness again

Stealing close to my side,

With her hand in my hand—

From the gamblers in vain

Staking odds on the main

Of invisible dies,—

An echo that wails with my wailing and sighs,

As I murmur, "The ocean already!"—"AL-

READY!"

One glimmer of light

From the beacon's lone height,

One look at the shore, and one stroke of the oar,

And the river is lost in the ocean already!

FINE WORDS FOR FOUL WORKS.—There seems to be a growing fashion now for calling foul things by fine names, and a word or two from *Punch* perhaps may aid in checking it. A murder, for example, is seldom called a murder; it is generally spoken of as an "appalling tragedy." Now this word "tragedy" has far too much of staginess about it to fit it to give force when used in real life. By calling murders "tragedies," you class them, as it were, among dramatic unrealities, and so weaken the abhorrence wherewith we should regard them. The penny-aliners are of course the chief delinquents in this way, and that their example appears to be infectious we may infer from the letters which have lately been in print about the murders in the cab. From one of these communications, inserted in the *Daily Telegraph*, and signed by a writer who adds M.D. to his name, we quote the following words:—

"The question then arises who [*sic*] did the poisoner commence with in offering the fatal chalice—the mother or the children?"

The "fatal chalice" here referred to was a common pewter pint pot from a public-house,

and we can see no reason here for calling that utensil by any finer name. On the contrary, indeed, we see strong reason for not doing so; for the words "fatal chalice" have a stogy smack about them, and are entirely out of place in a medical analysis of the evidence brought forward in an actual case of crime. People who can speak of a murder as a "tragedy" of course may be expected to extend their paraphrasing, and talk of "fatal chalices" where they mean common pewter pots. Such poetry is apt to put a stage gloss upon criminals, and to make us view their villainies as merely stage effects. Many a man would shrink from murder, who, were it simply called a tragedy, might feel a smaller dread of acting in it; and to our thinking the threat of being "launched into eternity" sounds a good deal less intimidating than the threat of being hanged. If people go on speaking of a murder as a tragedy, they will soon talk of a murderer as simply a tragedian; and an act that should excite the deepest feelings of abhorrence may, in time, be merely viewed as a theatrical performance, and if carried through with cleverness, as not unworthy of applause.—*Punch*.

## PART VII.—CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Mr. Wentworth entered Mrs. Hadwin's garden in the dark, his first glance up at the house showed him that a certain change had passed on it also. The decorous little house had been turned inside out. The windows of his own sitting-room were open, the blind drawn up to the top, and in addition to his usual lamp some candles were flaring wildly in the draught. He could see into the room as he paused at the garden-door, and was able to distinguish that the table was still covered as for dinner, and to catch the purple gleam of the light in the claret-jug which occupied the place of honor; but nobody was visible in the room. That wildly illuminated and open apartment stood in strange contrast with the rest of the house, where everything was dark, save in Mrs. Hadwin's own chamber. The curate proceeded on his way, after that moment's pause with hasty and impatient steps. On the way up he encountered Sarah, the housemaid, who stopped in the middle of the stairs to make a frightened little courtesy, and utter an alarmed "La!" of recognition and surprise. But Sarah turned round as soon as she had recovered herself, to say that her missis wanted very bad to see Mr. Wentworth as soon as he came home; but she was gone to bed now, and didn't he think it would be a pity to wake her up? The curate gave her only a little nod of general acquiescence as he hurried on; but felt, notwithstanding, that this prompt request, ready prepared for his arrival, was a tacit protest against his guests, and expression of disapproval. Mrs. Hadwin was only his landlady, an old woman, and not a particularly wise one, but her disapproval vexed the Perpetual Curate. It was a kind of sign of the times—those times in which it appeared that everybody was ready to turn upon him and embarrass his path. He had forgotten all about his companion as he hurried into the familiar room which was so little like itself, but yet was somehow conscious with annoyance that the stranger followed him through its half-shut door. The scene within was one which was never effaced from Mr. Wentworth's memory. There were several bottles upon the table, which the poor curate knew by sight, and which had been collected in his little cellar more for the benefit of Wharf-

side than of himself. Removed out of the current of air which was playing freely through the apartment, was some one lying on a sofa, with candles burning on a table beside him. He was in a dressing-gown, with his shirt open at the throat, and his languid frame extended in perfect repose to catch the refreshment of the breeze. Clouds of languid smoke, which were too far out of the way to feel the draught between the windows, curled over him: he had a cigar in one hand, which he had just taken from his lips, and with which he was faintly waving off a big night-moth which had been attracted by the lights; and a French novel, unmistakable in its paper cover, had closed upon the other. Altogether a more languid figure never lay at rest in undisturbed possession of the most legitimate retirement. He had the Wentworth hair, the golden-brown, which, like all their other family features, even down to their illnesses, the race was proud of, and a handsome silky beard. He had lived a hard life of pleasure and punishment; but though he had reached middle age, there was not a hair on the handsome reprobate's head which had changed out of its original color. He looked languidly up when the door opened, but did not stop the delicate fence which he was carrying on against the moth, nor the polyglot oaths which he was swearing at it softly half under his breath.

"Frank, I suppose?" he said, calmly, as the curate came hastily forward. "How d'ye do? I am very glad you've come back. The country was very charming the first day; but that's a charm that doesn't last. I suppose you've dined: or will you ring and order something?" he said, turning slowly round on his sofa. "Accidente! the thing will kill itself after all. Would you mind catching it in your handkerchief before you sit down? But don't take away the candles. It's too late to make any exertion," said the elegant prodigal, leaning back languidly on his sofa; "but I assure you that light is half my life."

The curate was tired, heated, and indignant. He lifted the candles away from the table, and then put them back again, too much excited to think of the moth. "Your arrival must have been very sudden," he said, throwing himself into the nearest chair.

"I was very much surprised by your message. It looks inhospitable, but I see you make yourself quite at home—"

"Perfectly," said the elder brother, resuming his cigar. "I always do. It is much more agreeable for all parties. But I don't know how it is that a man's younger brothers are always so rapid and unreasonable in their movements. Instead of saving that unhappy insect, you have precipitated its fate. Poor thing!—and it had no soul," said the intruder, with a tone of pathos. The scene altogether was a curious one. Snugly sheltered from the draught, but enjoying the coolness of the atmosphere which it produced, lay the figure on the sofa at perfect ease and leisure, with the light shed brightly upon him, on his shining beard, the white cool expanse of linen at his breast, and the bright hues of his dressing-gown. Near him, fatigued, dusty, indignant, and perplexed, sat the curate, with the night air playing upon him, and moving his disordered hair on his forehead; while at the other end of the room hovered the stranger who had followed Mr. Wentworth—a broad, shabby, indistinct figure, who stood with his back to the others, looking vaguely out of the window into the darkness. Over these two the night air blew with no small force between the open windows, making the candles on the centre-table flare wildly, and flapping the white table-cloth. An occasional puff from the cigar floated now and then across the room. It was a pause before the storm.

"I was about to say," said the Perpetual Curate, "that though it might seem inhospitable, the first thing I had to ask was, What brought you here—and why did you send for me?"

"Don't be abrupt, pray," said Jack, taking his cigar from his mouth, and slightly waving the hand that held it. "Don't let us plunge into business all at once. You bring a sense of fatigue into the room with you, and the atmosphere was delightful a little while ago. I flatter myself I know how to enjoy the cool of the evening. Suppose you were to—ah—refresh yourself a little," he said, with a disapproving glance at his brother's dusty boots, "before we begin to talk of our affairs."

The Curate of St. Roque's got up from his chair, feeling that he had an unchristian inclination to kick the heir of the Wentworths.

As he could not do that, he shut the window behind him emphatically, and extinguished the flaring candles on the centre-table. "I detest a draught," said the Perpetual Curate, which, unfortunately, was not a statement entirely founded on fact, though so far true in the present instance that he hated anything originated by the intruder. "I have hurried home in reply to your message, and I should be glad to know what it means, now that I am here—what you are in trouble about—and why you come to me—and what you have to do with him?"

"But you need not have deranged the temperature," said Jack. "Impetuosity always distresses me. All these are questions which it will take some time to answer. Let me persuade you, in the first place, to make yourself comfortable. Don't mind me; I'm at the crisis of my novel, which is very interesting. I have just been thinking how it might be adapted for the stage—there's a character that Fechter could make anything of. Now, my dear fellow, don't stand on ceremony. Take a bath and change your dress, and in the mean time there will be time to cook something—the cookery here is not bad for the country. After that we'll discuss all our news. I dare say our friend there is in no hurry," said the elder brother, opening his book and puffing slowly towards the curate the languid smoke of his cigar.

"But, by Jove, I am in a hurry, though!" said that nameless individual, coming forward. "It's all very well for you: you put a man up to everything that's dangerous, and then you leave him in the lurch, and say it don't matter. I dare say it don't matter to you. All that you've done has been to share the profit—you've nothing to do with the danger; but I'm savage to-night, and I don't mean to stand it any more," said the stranger, his great chest expanding with a panting breath. He, too, looked as if he would have liked to seize the languid spectator in his teeth and shake some human feeling into him. Jack Wentworth raised his eyebrows and looked at him, as he might have looked at a wild beast in a rage.

"Sit down, savage, and be quiet," he said. "Why should I trouble myself about you?—any fool could get into your scrape. I am not in the habit of interfering in a case of common crime. What I do, I do out of

pity," he continued, with an air of superiority, quite different from his tone to his brother. But this look, which had answered before, was not successful to-night.

"By Jove, I *am* savage!" said the other, setting his teeth; "and I know enough of your ways to teach you different behavior. The parson has treated me like a gentleman—like what I used to be, though he don't like me; but you!—By Jove! It was only my own name I signed, after all," he continued, after a pause, lowering his voice; "but you, you blackleg—"

"Stop a little," said the curate, rising up. "Though you seem both to have forgotten it, this is my room. I don't mean to have any altercations here. I have taken you in for the sake of your—family," said Mr. Wentworth, with a momentary gasp, "and you have come because you are my brother. I don't deny any natural claims upon me; but I am master of my own house and my own leisure. Get up, Jack, and tell me what you want. When I understand what it is, you can lounge at your will; but in the mean time get up and explain: and as for you, Wodehouse—"

Jack Wentworth faced round on his sofa, and then, with a kind of involuntary motion, slid his feet to the ground. He looked at his brother with extreme amazement as he closed his novel and tossed away the end of his cigar. "It's much better not to mention names," he said, in a half-apologetic way. "Our friend here is under a temporary cloud. His name, in fact—is Smith, I think." But as he spoke he sat upright, a little startled to find that Frank, whom he remembered only as a lad, was no longer to be coerced and concussed. As for the other, he came forward with the alacrity of a man who began to see some hope.

"By Jove, my name is Wodehouse, though," he said, in the argumentative tone which seemed habitual to him; his voice came low and grumbling through his beard. He was not of the class of triumphant sinners, whatever wickedness he might be capable of. To tell the truth, he had long, long ago fallen out of the butterfly stage of dissipation, and had now to be the doer of dirty work, despised and hustled about by such men as Jack Wentworth. The wages of sin had long been bitter enough, though he had neither any hope of freeing himself,

nor any wish to do so; but he took up a grumbling tone of self-assertion as soon as he had an opening. "The parson treats me like a gentleman—like what I used to be," he repeated, coming into the light, and drawing a chair towards the table. "My name is Wodehouse—it's my own name that I have signed after all, by Jove," said the unlucky prodigal. It seemed to give him a little comfort to say that over again, as if to convince himself.

"As for Wodehouse, I partly understand what he has done," said the curate. "It appears likely he has killed his father, by the way; but I suppose you don't count that. It is forgery in the mean time; I understand as much."

"It's my name as well as his, by Jove!" interrupted, hastily, the stranger, under his breath.

"Such strong terms are unnecessary," said Jack; "everybody knows that bills are drawn to be renewed and nursed and taken care of. We've had a great failure in luck as it happens, and these ones have come down to this deuced place; and the old fellow, instead of paying them like a gentleman, has made a row, and dropped down dead, or something. I suppose you don't know any more than the women have told you. The old man made a row in the office, and went off in fire and flame, and gave up our friend here to his partner's tender mercies. I sent for you, as you've taken charge of him. I suppose you have your reasons. This is an unlikely corner to find him in, and I suppose he couldn't be safer anywhere. That's about the state of the case. I came down to look after him, out of kind feeling," said the heir of the Wentworths. "If you don't mean to eat any dinner, have a cigar."

"And what have you to do with each other? What is the connection between you?" said the Curate of St. Roque's. "I have my reasons, as you say, for taking an interest in him; but you—"

"I am only your elder brother," said Jack, shrugging his shoulders and resuming his place on the sofa. "We understand that difference. Business connection—that's all," he said, leisurely selecting another cigar from his case. When he had lighted it, he turned round and fixed his eyes upon the stranger. "We don't want any harm to happen to him," he said, with a little emphasis. "I've



come here to protect him. If he keeps quiet and doesn't show, it will blow over. The keenest spy in the place could scarcely suspect him to be here. I have come entirely on his account—much to my own disgust—and yours,” said the exquisite, with another shrug. He laid back his head and looked up to the ceiling, contemplating the fragrant wreaths of smoke with the air of a man perfectly at his ease. “We don't mean him to come to any harm,” said Jack Wentworth, and stretched out his elegant limbs on the sofa, like a potentate satisfied that his protection was enough to make any man secure.

“I'm too much in their secrets, by Jove!” said poor Wodehouse, in his beard. “I do know their secrets, though they talk so big. It's not any consideration for me. It's to save themselves, by Jove, that's what it is!” cried the indignant drudge, of whom his superior deigned to take no notice. As for Mr. Wentworth, he rose from his seat in a state of suppressed indignation, which could not express itself merely in words.

“May I ask what share I am expected to play in the drama?” he asked, pushing his chair aside in his excitement. The elder brother turned instinctively, and once more slid his feet to the ground. They looked at each other for a moment; the curate, pale with a passion which he could not conceal, had something in his eyes which brought shame even to Jack Wentworth's face.

“You can betray him if you like,” he said, sulkily. “I have no—particular interest in the matter; but in that case he had better make the best of his time and get away. You hear?” said the master-spirit, making a sign to Wodehouse. He had roused himself up, and looked now like a feline creature preparing for a spring—his eyes were cast down, but under the eyelids he followed his brother's movements with vigilant observation. “If you like, you can betray him,” he repeated, slowly, understanding, as bad men so often do, the generosities of the nature to which his own was so much opposed.

And perhaps there was an undue degree of exasperation in the indignant feelings which moved Mr. Wentworth. He kicked off his dusty boots with an indecorum quite unusual to him, and hunted up his slippers out of the adjoining room with perhaps an unnecessary amount of noise and haste. Then he went

and looked out of the window into the serene summer darkness and the dewy garden, getting a little fresh air upon his heated face. Last of all he came back, peremptory and decided. “I shall not betray him,” said the Perpetual Curate; “but I will have no further schemes concocted nor villany carried on in my house. If I consent to shield him, and, if possible, save him from the law, it is neither for his sake—nor yours,” said the indignant young man. “I suppose it is no use saying anything about your life; but both of you have fathers very like to die of this—”

“My dear fellow,” said Jack Wentworth, “we have gone through that phase ages ago. Don't be so much after date. I have brought down my father's gray hairs, etc., a hundred times; and, I dare say, so has he. Don't treat us as if we were in the nursery—a parson of advanced views like you should have something a little more novel to say.”

“And so I have,” said Mr. Wentworth, with a heightened color. “There are capital rooms at the Blue Boar, which you will find very comfortable, I am sure. I don't remember that we have ever been more than acquaintances; and to take possession of a man's house in his absence argues a high degree of friendship, as you are aware. It will be with difficulty that I shall find room for myself to-night; but to-morrow, I trust, if business requires you to remain in Carlingford, you will be able to find accommodation at the Blue Boar.”

The elder brother grew very red all over his face. “I will go at once,” he said, with a little start; and then he took a second thought. “It is a poor sort of way of winning a victory,” he said, in contemptuous tones, after he had overcome his first movement; “but if you choose that, it is no matter to me. I'll go to-morrow, as you say—to pack up to-night is too much for my energies. In the mean time it won't disturb you, I hope, if I go on with my novel. I don't suppose any further civilities are necessary between you and me,” said Jack, once more putting up his feet on the sofa. He arranged himself with an indifference which was too genuine for bravado, opening his book, and puffing his cigar with great coolness. He did all but turn his back upon the others, and drew the little table nearer to him, in utter disregard of the fact that the curate was



leaning his arm on it. In short, he retired from the contest with a kind of grandeur, with his cigar and his novel, and the candles which lighted him up placidly, and made him look like the master of the house and the situation. There was a pause of some minutes, during which the others looked on—Mr. Wentworth with a perfectly unreasonable sense of defeat, and poor Wodehouse with that strange kind of admiration which an unsuccessful good-for-nothing naturally feels for a triumphant rascal. They were in the shade looking on, and he in the light enjoying himself calmly in his way. The sight put an end to various twinges of repentance in the bosom of the inferior sinner. Jack Wentworth, lying on the sofa in superb indifference, victorious over all sense of right, did more to confirm his humble admirer in the life which he had almost made up his mind to abandon, than even his own inclination towards forbidden pleasure. He was dazzled by the success of his principal; and in comparison with that instructive sight, his father's probable death-bed, his sisters' tears, and even his own present discomfort, faded into insignificance. What Jack Wentworth was, Tom Wodehouse could never be; but at least he could follow his great model humbly and afar off. These sentiments made him receive but sulkily the admonitions of the curate, when he led the way out of the pre-occupied sitting-room; for Mr. Wentworth was certainly not the victor at this passage of arms.

"I will do what I can to help you out of this," said the curate, pausing within the door of Wodehouse's room, "for the sake of your—friends. But look here, Wodehouse; I have not preached to you hitherto, and I don't mean to do so now. When a man has done a crime, he is generally past preaching. The law will punish you for forging your father's name—"

"It's my name as well as his, by Jove!" interrupted the culprit, sullenly; "I've a right to sign it wherever I please."

"But the law," said Mr. Wentworth, with emphasis, "has nothing to do with the breaking of your father's heart. If he dies, think whether the recollection will be a comfortable one. I will save you, if I can and there is time, though I am compromised already, and it may do me serious injury. If you get free and are cleared from this, will you go away

and break off your connection with—yes, you are quite right—I mean with my brother, whatever the connection may be? I will only exert myself for you on condition that you promise. You will go away somehow, and break off your old habits, and try if it is possible to begin anew?"

Wodehouse paused before he answered. The vision of Jack in the curate's sitting-room still dazzled him. "You daren't say as much to your brother as you say to me," he replied, after a while, in his sulky way; "but I'm a gentleman, by Jove, as well as he is!" And he threw himself down in a chair, and bit his nails, and grumbled into his beard. "It's hard to ask a fellow to give up his liberty," he said, without lifting his eyes. Mr. Wentworth, perhaps, was a little contemptuous of the sullen wretch who already had involved him in so much annoyance and trouble.

"You can take your choice," he said; "the law will respect your liberty less than I shall;" and all the curate's self-control could not conceal a certain amount of disdain.

"By Jove!" said Wodehouse, lifting up his eyes, "if the old man should die, you'd change your tone;" and then he stopped short and looked suspiciously at the curate. "There's no will, and I'm the heir," he said, with sullen braggadocio. Mr. Wentworth was still young, and this look made him sick with disgust and indignation.

"Then you can take your chance," he said, impatiently, making a hasty step to the door. He would not return, though his ungrateful guest called him back, but went away, much excited and disgusted, to see if the fresh air outside, would restore his composure. On his way down-stairs he again met Sarah, who was hovering about in a restless state of curiosity. "I've made up a bed for you, please, sir, in the little dressing-room," said Sarah; "and, please, cook wants to know, wouldn't you have anything to eat?" The question reminded Mr. Wentworth that he had eaten nothing since luncheon, which he took in his father's house. Human nature, which can bear great blows with elasticity so wonderful, is apt to be put out, as everybody knows, by their most trifling accessories, and a man naturally feels miserable when he has had no dinner, and has not a place to shelter him while he snatches a necessary mouthful. "Never

mind; all the rooms are occupied to-night," said the Perpetual Curate, feeling thoroughly wretched. But cook and Sarah had arranged all that, being naturally indignant that their favorite clergyman should be "put upon" by his disorderly and unexpected guests.

"I have set your tray, sir, in missis's parlor," said Sarah, opening the door of that sanctuary; and it is impossible to describe the sense of relief with which the Perpetual Curate flung himself down on Mrs. Hadwin's sofa, deranging a quantity of cushions and elaborate crochet-work draperies without knowing it. Here at least he was safe from intrusion. But his reflections were far from being agreeable as he ate his beefsteak. Here he was, without any fault of his own, plunged into the midst of a complication of disgrace and vice. Perhaps already the name of Lucy Wodehouse was branded with her brother's shame; perhaps still more overwhelming infamy might overtake, through that means, the heir and the name of the Wentworths. And for himself, what he had to do was to attempt with all his powers to defeat justice, and save from punishment a criminal for whom it was impossible to feel either sympathy or hope. When he thought of Jack up-stairs on the sofa over his French novel, the heart of the curate burned within him with indignation and resentment; and his disgust at his other guest was, if less intense, an equally painful sensation. It was hard to waste his strength, and perhaps compromise his character, for such men as these; but on the other hand he saw his father, with that malady of the Wentworths hanging over his head, doing his best to live and last, like a courageous English gentleman as he was, for the sake of "the girls" and the little children, who had so little to expect from Jack; and poor stupid Mr. Wodehouse dying of the crime which assailed his own credit as well as his son's safety. The Curate of St. Roque's drew a long breath, and raised himself up unconsciously to his full height as he rose to go up-stairs. It was he against the world at the moment, as it appeared. He set himself to his uncongenial work with a heart that revolted against the evil cause of which he was about to constitute himself the champion. But for the squire, who had misjudged him—for Lucy, who had received him with such icy smiles, and closed up her heart against his entrance,—sometimes there is a

kind of bitter sweetness in the thought of spending love and life in one lavish and prodigal outburst upon those to whom our hearts are bound, but whose affections make us no return.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE curate went to breakfast next morning with a little curiosity and a great deal of painful feeling. He had been inhospitable to his brother, and a revulsion had happened such as happens invariably when the generous man is forced by external circumstances to show himself churlish. Though his good sense and his pride alike prevented him from changing his resolution of the previous night, still his heart had relented toward Jack, and he felt sorry and half ashamed to meet the brother to whom he had shown so much temper and so little kindness. It was much later than usual when he came down-stairs, and Jack was just coming out of the comfortable chamber which belonged of right to his brother, when the curate entered the sitting-room. Jack was in his dressing-gown, as on the previous night, and came forth humming an air out of the "Trovatore," and looking as wholesomely fresh and clean and dainty as the most honest gentleman in England. He gave his brother a good-humored nod, and wished him good-morning. "I am glad to see you don't keep distressingly early hours," he said between the bars of the air he was humming. He was a man of perfect digestion, like all the Wentworths, and got up, accordingly, in a good temper, not disposed to make too much of any little incivility that might have taken place. On the contrary, he helped himself to his brother's favorite omelet with the most engaging cheerfulness, and entered into such conversation as might be supposed to suit a Perpetual Curate in a little country town.

"I dare say you have a good many nice people about here," said Jack. "I've done nothing but walk about since I came—and it does a man good to see those fresh little women with their pink cheeks. There's one, a sister of our friend's, I believe," he continued, with a nod towards the door to indicate Wodehouse—"an uncommonly pretty girl, I can tell you; and there's a little rosebud of a creature at that shop, whom, they tell me, you're interested in. Your living is not worth much, I suppose? It's unlucky

having two clergymen in a family; but, to be sure, you're going in for Skelmersdale. By the way, that reminds me—how are the aunts? I have not heard anything of them for ages. Female relations of that description generally cling to the parsons of the race. I suppose they are all living—all three? Such people never seem to die."

"They are here," said the curate, succinctly, "living in Carlingford. I wonder nobody has told you."

A sudden bright spark lighted in the prodigal's eyes. "Ah, they are here, are they?" he said, after a momentary pause; "so much the better for you; but in justice you ought to be content with the living. I say so as your elder brother. Gerald has the best right to what they've got to leave. By the by, how are Gerald and the rest? you've just been there. I suppose our respected parent goes on multiplying. To think of so many odious little wretches calling themselves Wentworth is enough to make one disgusted with the name."

"My father was very ill when I left; he has had another attack," said the curate. "He does not seem able to bear any agitation. Your telegram upset him altogether. I don't know what you've been about—he did not tell me," continued the younger brother, with a little emotion; "but he is very uneasy about you."

"Ah, I dare say," said Jack; "that's natural; but he's wonderfully tough for such an old fellow. I should say it would take twenty attacks to finish him; and this is the second, isn't it? I wonder how long an interval there was between the two; it would be a pretty calculation for a *post-obit*. Wodehouse seems to have brought his ancestor down at the first shot almost; but then there's no entail in his case, and the old fellow may have made a will. I beg your pardon; you don't like this sort of talk. I forgot you were a clergyman. I rather like this town of yours, do you know? Sweet situation, and good for the health, I should say. I'll take your advice, I think, about the—how did you call it?—Black Boar. Unless, indeed, some charitable family would take me in," said the elder brother with a glance from under his eyelids. His real meaning did not in the least degree suggest itself to the curate, who was thinking more of what was past than of what was to come.

"You seem to take a great interest in Wodehouse?" said Mr. Wentworth.

"Yes; and so do you," said Jack, with a keen glance of curiosity—"I can't tell why. My interest in him is easily explained. If the affair came to a trial, it might involve other people who are of retiring dispositions and dislike publicity. I don't mind saying," continued the heir of the Wentworths, laying down his knife and fork, and looking across at his brother with smiling candor, "that I might myself be brought before the world in a way which would wound my modesty; so it must not be permitted to go any further, you perceive. The partner has got a warrant out, but has not put it into execution as yet. That's why I sent for you. You are the only man, so far as I can see, that can be of any use."

"I don't know what you mean," said the curate, hastily, "nor what connection you can possibly have with Wodehouse; perhaps it is better not to inquire. I mean to do my best for him, independent of you."

"Do," said Jack Wentworth, with a slight yawn; "it is much better not to inquire. A clergyman runs the risk of hearing things that may shock him when he enters into worldly business; but the position of mediator is thoroughly professional. Now for the Black Boar. I'll send for my traps when I get settled," he said, rising in his languid way. He had made a very good breakfast, and he was not at all disposed to make himself uncomfortable by quarrelling with his brother. Besides, he had a new idea in his mind. So he gave the curate another little good-humored nod, and disappeared in the sleeping-room, from which he emerged a few minutes after with a coat replacing the dressing-gown, ready to go out. "I dare say I shall see you again before I leave Carlingford," he said, and left the room with the utmost suavity. As for Mr. Wentworth, it is probable that his brother's serenity had quite the reverse of a soothing effect upon his mind and temper. He rose from the table as soon as Jack was gone, and for a long time paced about the room composing himself, and planning what he was to do—so long, indeed, that Sarah, after coming up softly to inspect, had cleared the table and put everything straight in the room before the curate discovered her presence. It was only when she came up to him at last, with her little rustical courtesy, to say that, please,

her missis would like to see him for a moment in the parlor, that Mr. Wentworth found out that she was there. This interruption roused him out of his manifold and complicated thoughts. "I am too busy just now, but I will see Mrs. Hadwin to-night," he said; "and you can tell her that my brother has gone to get rooms at the Blue Boar." After he had thus satisfied the sympathetic handmaiden, the curate crossed over to the closed door of Wodehouse's room and knocked. The inmate there was still in bed, as was his custom, and answered Mr. Wentworth through his beard in a recumbent voice, less sulky and more uncertain than on the previous night. Poor Wodehouse had neither the nerve nor the digestion of his more splendid associate. He had no strength of evil in himself when he was out of the way of it; and the consequence of a restless night was a natural amount of penitence and shame in the morning. He met the curate with a depressed countenance, and answered all his questions readily enough, even giving him the particulars of the forged bills, in respect to which Thomas Wodehouse the younger could not, somehow, feel so guilty as if it had been a name different from his own which he had affixed to those fatal bits of paper; and he did not hesitate much to promise that he would go abroad and try to make a new beginning if this matter could be settled. Mr. Wentworth went out with some satisfaction after the interview, believing in his heart that his own remonstrances had had their due effect, as it is so natural to believe—for he did not know, having slept very soundly, that it had rained a good deal during the night, and that Mrs. Hadwin's biggest tub (for the old lady had a passion for rain-water) was immediately under poor Wodehouse's window, and kept him awake as it filled and ran over all through the summer darkness. The vision of Jack Wentworth, even in his hour of success, was insufficient to fortify the simpler soul of his humble admirer against that ominous sound of the unseen rain, and against the flashes of sudden lightning that seemed to blaze into his heart. He could not help thinking of his father's sick-bed in those midnight hours, and of all the melancholy array of lost years which had made him no longer "a gentleman as he used to be," but a skulking vagabond in his native place; and his penitence lasted till after he had had his

breakfast and Mr. Wentworth was gone. Then perhaps the other side of the question recurred to his mind, and he began to think that if his father died there might be no need for his banishment; but Mr. Wentworth knew nothing of this change in his *protégé's* sentiments, as he went quickly up Grange Lane. Wharfaide and all the district had lain neglected for three long days, as the curate was aware, and he had promised to call at No. 10 Prickett's Lane, and to look after the little orphan children whom Lucy had taken charge of. His occupations, in short, both public and private, were overpowering, and he could not tell how he was to get through them; for, in addition to everything else, it was Friday, and there was a litany service at twelve o'clock in St. Roque's. So Mr. Wentworth had little time to lose as he hurried up once again to Mr. Wodehouse's green door.

It was Miss Wodehouse who came to meet the curate as soon as his presence was known in the house—Miss Wodehouse, and not Lucy, who made way for her sister to pass her, and took no notice of Mr. Wentworth's name. The elder sister entered very hurriedly the little parlor down-stairs, and shut the door fast, and came up to him with an anxious, inquiring face. She told him her father was just the same, in faltering tones. "And, O Mr. Wentworth!" she exclaimed, with endless unspeakable questions in her eyes. It was so hard for the gentle woman to keep her secret—the very sight of somebody who knew it was a relief to her heart.

"I want you to give me full authority to act for you," said the curate. "I must go to Mr. Wodehouse's partner and discuss the whole matter."

Here Miss Wodehouse gave a little cry, and stopped him suddenly. "O Mr. Wentworth, it would kill papa to know you had spoken of it to any one! You must send him away," she said, breathless with anxiety and terror. "To think of discussing it with any one when even Lucy does not know!" She spoke with so much haste and fright that it was scarcely possible to make out her last words.

"Nevertheless I must speak to Mr. Waters," said the curate; "I am going there now. He knows all about it already, and has a warrant for his apprehension; but we must stop that. I will undertake that it



shall be paid, and you must give me full authority to act for you." When Miss Wodehouse met the steady look he gave her, she veered immediately from her fright at the thought of having it spoken of, to gratitude to him who was thus ready to take her burden into his hands.

"O Mr. Wentworth, it is so good of you—it is like a brother!" said the trembling woman; and then she made a pause. "I say a brother," she said, drawing an involuntary moral, "though we have never had any good of ours; and oh, if Lucy only knew!"

The curate turned away hastily, and wrung her hand without being aware of it. "No," he said, with a touch of bitterness, "don't let her know. I don't want to appeal to her gratitude;" and with that he became silent, and fell to listening, standing in the middle of the room, if perhaps he might catch any sound of footsteps coming down-stairs.

"She will know better some day," said Miss Wodehouse, wiping her eyes; "and, O Mr. Wentworth, if papa ever gets better—" Here the poor lady broke down into inarticulate weeping. "But I know you will stand by us," she said, amid her tears; "it is all the comfort I have—and Lucy—"

There was no sound of any footstep on the stair—nothing but the ticking of the time-piece on the mantel-shelf, and the rustling of the curtains in the soft morning breeze which came through the open window, and Miss Wodehouse's crying. The curate had not expected to see Lucy, and knew in his heart that it was better they should not meet just at this moment; but, notwithstanding this, it was strange how bitter and disappointed he felt, and what an impatient longing he had for one look of her, even though it should be a look which would drive him frantic with mortified love and disappointed expectation. To know that she was under the same roof, and that she knew he was here, but kept away, and did not care to see him, was gall to his excited mind. He went away hastily, pressing poor Miss Wodehouse's hand with a kind of silent rage. "Don't talk about Lucy," he said, half to himself, his heart swelling and throbbing at the sound of the name. It was the first time he had spoken it aloud to any ear but his own, and he left the house tingling with an indignation and mortification and bitter fondness which could not be expressed in words. What he was about

to do was for her sake, and he thought to himself, with a forlorn pride, that she would never know it, and it did not matter. He could not tell that Lucy was glancing out furtively over the blind, ashamed of herself in her wounded heart for doing so, and wondering whether even now he was occupied with that unworthy love which had made an everlasting separation between them. If it had been any one worthy, it would have been different, poor Lucy thought, as she pressed back the tears into her eyes, and looked out wistfully at him over the blind. She above-stairs in the sick-room, and he in the fresh garden hastening out to his work, were both thinking in their hearts how perverse life was, and how hard it was not to be happy—as indeed they well might in a general way; though perhaps one glance of the curate's eyes upward, one meeting of looks, might have resulted quite unreasonably in a more felicitous train of thinking, at least for that day.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Mr. Wentworth arrived in the little vestry at St. Roque's to robe himself for the approaching service, it was after a long and tough contest with Mr. Wodehouse's partner, which had to a great extent exhausted his energies. Mr. Wodehouse was the leading attorney in Carlingford, the chief family solicitor in the county, a man looked upon with favorable eyes even by the great people as being himself a cadet of a county family. His partner, Mr. Waters, was altogether a different description of man. He was much more clever, and a good deal more like a gentleman, but he had not a connection in the world, and had fought his way up to prosperity through many a narrow, and perhaps, if people spoke true, many a dirty avenue to fortune. He was very glad of the chance which brought his partner's reputation and credit thus under his power, and he was by no means disposed to deal gently with the prodigal son. That is to say he was quite disinclined to let the family out of his clutches easily, or to consent to be silent and "frustrate the ends of justice" for anything else than an important equivalent. Mr. Wentworth had much ado to restrain his temper while the wily attorney talked about his conscience; for the curate was clear-sighted enough to perceive at the first glance that Mr. Waters had no real intention of proceeding to extremities. The



lawyer would not pledge himself to anything, notwithstanding all Mr. Wentworth's arguments. "Wodehouse himself was of the opinion that the law should take its course," he said; but out of respect for his partner he might wait a few days to see what turn his illness would take. "I confess that I am not adapted for my profession, Mr. Wentworth, My feelings overcome me a great deal too often," said the sharp man of business, looking full into the curate's eyes; "and while the father is dying I have not the heart to proceed against the son; but I pledge myself to nothing—recollect, to nothing." And with this and a very indignant mind Mr. Wentworth had been forced to come away. His thoughts were occupied with the contrarieties of the world as he hastened along to St. Roque's—how one man had to bear another's burdens in every station and capacity of life, and how another man triumphed and came to success by means of the misfortunes of his friends. It was hard to tell what made the difference, or how humankind got divided into these two great classes, for possibly enough the sharp attorney was as just in his way as the curate; but Mr. Wentworth got no more satisfaction in thinking of it than speculatists generally have when they investigate this strange, wayward, fantastical humanity which is never to be calculated upon. He came into the little vestry of St. Roque's, which was a strong little room with a groined roof and windows too severely early English in their character to admit any great amount of light, with a sensation of fatigue and discouragement very natural to a man who had been interfering in other people's affairs. There was some comfort in the litany which he was just going to say, but not much comfort in any of the human individuals who would come into Mr. Wentworth's mind as he paused in the midst of the suffrage for "sick persons" and for those who "had erred and were deceived," that the worshippers might whisper into God's ear the names for which their hearts were most concerned. The young priest sighed heavily as he put on his surplice, pondering all the obstinate selfishness and strange contradictions of men; and it was only when he heard a rather loud echo to his breath of weariness that he looked up and saw Elsworthy, who was contemplating him with a very curious expression of face. The clerk started a little on being discovered, and began to look

over all the choristers' books and set them in readiness, though, indeed, there were no choristers on Fridays, but only the ladies, who chanted the responses a great deal more sweetly, and wore no surplices. Thinking of that, it occurred to Mr. Wentworth how much he would miss the round, full notes which always betrayed Lucy's presence to him even when he did not see her; and he forgot Elsworthy, and sighed again without thinking of any comment which might be made upon the sound.

"I'm sorry to see, sir, as you aint in your usual good spirits?" said that observant spectator, coming closer up to "his clergyman." Elsworthy's eyes were full of meanings which Mr. Wentworth could not, and had no wish to decipher.

"I am perfectly well, thank you," said the Perpetual Curate, with his coldest tone. He had become suspicious of the man, he could scarcely tell why.

"There's a deal of people in church this morning," said the clerk; and then he came closer still, and spoke in a kind of whisper, "About that little matter as we was speaking of, Mr. Wentworth—that's all straight, sir, and there aint no occasion to be vexed. She came back this morning," said Elsworthy, under his breath.

"Who came back this morning?" asked the curate, with a little surprise. His thoughts had been so much with Lucy that no one else occurred to him at the moment; and even while he asked this question, his busy fancy began to wonder where she could have been, and what motive could have taken her away?

"I couldn't mean nobody but Rosa, as I talked to you about last night," said Elsworthy. "She's come back, sir, as you wished; and I *have* heard as she was in Carlingford last night just afore you come, Mr. Wentworth, when I thought as she was far enough off; which you'll allow, sir, whoever it was she come to see, it wasn't the right thing, nor what her aunt and me had reason to expect."

The Curate of St. Roque's said "Pshaw!" carelessly to himself. He was not at all interested in Rosa Elsworthy. Instead of making any answer, he drew on the scarlet band of his hood, and marched away gravely into the reading-desk, leaving the vestry-door open behind him for the clerk to follow. The lit-

the dangers that harassed his personal footsteps had not yet awakened so much as an anxiety in his mind. Things much more serious pre-occupied his thoughts. He opened his prayer-book with a consciousness of the good of it which comes to men only now and then. At Oxford, in his day, Mr. Wentworth had entertained his doubts like others, and like most people was aware that there were a great many things in heaven and earth totally unexplainable by any philosophy. But he had always been more of a man than a thinker, even before he became a high Anglican; and being still much in earnest about most things he had to do with, he found great comfort just at this moment, amid all his perplexities, in the litany he was saying. He was so absorbed in it, and so full of that appeal out of all troubles and miseries to the God who cannot be indifferent to his creatures, that he was almost at the last Amen before he distinguished that voice, which of all voices was most dear to him. The heart of the young man swelled, when he heard it, with a mingled thrill of sympathy and wounded feeling. She had not left her father's sick-bed to see him, but she had found time to run down the sunny road to St. Roque's, to pray for the sick and the poor. When he knelt down in the reading-desk at the end of the service, was it wrong, instead of more abstract supplications, that the young priest said over and over, "God bless her!" in an outburst of pity and tenderness? And he did not try to overtake her on the road, as he might have done had his heart been less deeply touched, but went off with abstracted looks to Wharfside, where all the poor people were very glad to see him, and where his absence was spoken of as if he had been three months instead of three days away. It was like going back a century or two into primitive life, to go into "the district," where civilization did not prevail to any very distressing extent, and where people in general spoke their minds freely. But even when he came out of No. 10, where the poor woman still kept on living, Mr. Wentworth was made aware of his private troubles; for on the opposite side of the way, where there was a little bit of vacant ground, the rector was standing with some of the schismatics of Wharfside, planning how to place the iron church which, it was said, he meant to establish in the very heart of the "district."

Mr. Morgan took off his hat very stiffly to the Perpetual Curate, who returned up Prickett's Lane with a heightened color and quickened pulse. A man must be an angel indeed who can see his work taken out of his hands and betray no human emotion. Mr. Wentworth went into Elsworthy's, as he went back, to write a forcible little note to the rector on the subject before he returned home. It was Rosa who handed him the paper he wanted, and he gave her a little nod without looking at her. But when he had closed his note, and laid it on the counter to be delivered, the curate found her still standing near, and looked at the little blushing creature with some natural admiration. "So you have come back," he said; "but mind you don't go into Grange Lane any more after dark, little Rosa." When he had left the shop, and finished this little matter, he bethought himself of his aunts, whom he had not seen since he returned. Aunt Dora was not at her usual sentinel window when he crossed Grange Lane towards their garden-door; and the door itself was open, and some one from the Blue Boar was carrying in a large portmanteau. Mr. Wentworth's curiosity was strangely excited by the sight. He said, "Who has come, Lewis?" to Miss Wentworth's man, who stood in the hall superintending the arrival, but ran up-stairs without waiting for any answer. He felt by instinct that the visitor was some one likely to increase the confusion of affairs, and perplex matters more and more to himself.

But even this presentiment did not prepare him for the astonishing sight which met his eyes when he entered the drawing-room. There the three ladies were all assembled, regarding with different developments of interest the new-comer, who had thrown himself, half-reclining, on a sofa. Aunt Dora was sitting by him with a bottle of eau-de-Cologne in her hand, for this meeting had evidently gone to the heart of the returned prodigal. Aunt Dora was ready to have sacrificed all the veal in the country in honor of Jack's repentance; and the curate stood outside upon the threshold, looking at the scene with the strangest half-angry, half-comical realization of the state of mind of the elder brother in the parable. He had himself been rather found fault with, excused, and tolerated among his relations; but Jack had at once become master of the position and taken

possession of all their sympathies. Mr. Wentworth stood gazing at them, half-amused, and yet more angry than amused—feeling, with a little indignation, as was natural, that the pretended penitence of the clever sinner was far more effective and interesting than his own spotless loyalty and truth. To be sure, they were only three old ladies—three old aunts—and he smiled at the sight; but though he smiled, he did not like it, and perhaps was more abrupt than usual in his salutations. Miss Leonora was seated at her writing-table, busy with her correspondence. The question of the new gin-palace was not decided, and she had been in the middle of a letter of encouragement to her agents on the subject, reminding them that, even though the license was granted, the world would still go on all the same, and that the worst possibilities must be encountered, when Jack the prodigal made his appearance, with all the tokens of reformation and repentance about him, to throw himself upon the Christian charity of his relations. A penitent sinner was too tempting a bait for even Miss Leonora's good sense to withstand, and she had postponed her letter-writing to hear his explanations. But Jack had told his story by this time, and had explained how much he wanted to withdraw out of the world in which he had been led astray, and how sick he was of all its whirl of temptations and disappointment; and Miss Leonora had returned to her letter when her younger nephew arrived. As for Miss Wentworth, she was seated placidly in her usual easy-chair, smiling with equable smiles upon both the young men, and raising her beautiful old cheek for Frank to kiss, just as she had raised it to Jack. It was Miss Dora who was most shaken out of her allegiance; she who had always made Frank her special charge. Though she had wept herself into a day's headache on his behalf so short a time ago, Aunt Dora for the moment had allowed the more effusive prodigal to supersede Frank. Instead of taking him into her arms as usual, and clinging to him, she only put the hand that held the eau-de-Cologne over his shoulder as she kissed him. Jack, who had been so dreadfully, inexpressibly wicked, and who had come back to his aunts to be converted and restored to his right mind, was more interesting than many curates. She sat down again by her penitent as soon as she had saluted his brother; and even

Miss Leonora, when she paused in her letter, turned her eyes towards Jack.

"So Gerald is actually going over to Rome," said the strong-minded aunt. "I never expected anything else. I had a letter from Louisa yesterday, asking me to use my influence; as if I had any influence over your brother! If a silly wife was any justification for a man making an idiot of himself, Gerald might be excused; but I suppose the next thing we shall hear of will be that you have followed him, Frank. Did you hear anything further about Janet and that lover of hers? In a large family like ours there is always something troublesome going on," said Miss Leonora. "I am not surprised to hear of your father's attack. My father had a great many attacks, and lived to eighty; but he had few difficulties with the female part of his household," she continued with a grim little smile—for Miss Leonora rather piqued herself upon her exemption from any known sentimental episode, even in her youth.

"Dear Jack's return will make up for a great deal," said Aunt Dora. "O Frank, my dear, your brother has made us all so happy. He has just been telling us that he means to give up all his racing and betting and wickedness; and when he has been with us a little, and learned to appreciate a domestic circle—" said poor Miss Dora, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. She was so much overcome that she could not finish the sentence. But she put her disengaged hand upon Jack's arm and patted it, and in her heart concluded that as soon as the blanket was done for Louisa's bassinet, she would work him a pair of slippers, which should endear more and more to him the domestic circle, and stimulate the new-born virtue in his repentant heart.

"I don't know what Jack's return may do," said Mr. Wentworth, "but I hope you don't imagine it was Gerald who caused my father's illness. You know better, at least," said the indignant curate, looking at the hero on the sofa. That interesting reprobate lifted his eyes with a covert gleam of humor to the unresponsive countenance of his brother, and then he stroked his silky beard and sighed.

"My dear aunt, Frank is right," said Jack, with a melancholy voice. "I have not concealed from you that my father has

great reason to be offended with me. I have done very much the reverse of what I ought to have done. I see even Frank can't forgive me; and I don't wonder at it," said the prodigal, "though I have done him no harm that I know of;" and again the heir of the Wentworths sighed, and covered his face for a moment with his hand.

"O Frank," cried Miss Dora, with streaming eyes—"O my dear boy, isn't there joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth? You're not going to be the wicked elder brother that grudged the prodigal his welcome—you are not going to give way to jealousy, Frank?"

"Hold your tongue, Dora," said the iron-gray sister; "I dare say Frank knows a great deal better than you do; but I want to know about Gerald, and what is to be done. If he goes to Rome, of course you will take Wentworth Rectory; so it will not be an unmingled evil," said Miss Leonora, biting her pen, and throwing a keen glance at the Curate of St. Roque's, "especially as you and we differ so entirely in our views. I could not consent to appoint anybody to Skelmersdale, even if poor Mr. Shirley were to die, who did not preach the gospel; and it would be sad for you to spend all your life in a Perpetual Curacy, where you could have no income, nor ever hope to be able to marry," she continued steadily, with her eyes fixed upon her nephew. "Of course, if you had entered the Church for the love of the work, it would be a different matter," said the strong-minded aunt. "But that sort of thing seems to have gone out of fashion. I am sorry about Gerald—very sorry; but after what I saw of him, I am not surprised; and it is a comfort to one's mind to think that you will be provided for by the Rectory, Frank." Miss Leonora wrote a few words of the letter as she finished this speech. What she was saying in that epistle was (in reference to the gin-palace) that all discouragements were sent by God, and that, no doubt, his meaning was, that we should work all the harder to make way against them. After putting down which encouraging sentiment, she raised her eyes again, and planted her spear in her nephew's bosom with the greatest composure in the world.

"My Perpetual Curacy suits me very well," said Mr. Wentworth, with a little pride; "and there is a good deal to do in Carling-

ford. However, I did not come here to talk about that. The rector is going to put up an iron church in my district," said the young man, who was rather glad of a subject which permitted a little of his indignation to escape. "It is very easy to interfere with other people's work." And then he paused, not choosing to grumble to an unsympathetic audience. To feel that nobody cares about your trouble, is better than all the rules of self-control. The Perpetual Curate stopped instinctively with a dignified restraint, which would have been impossible to him under other circumstances. It was no merit of his, but he reaped the advantage of it all the same.

"But, O my dear," said Miss Dora, "what a comfort to think of what St. Paul says, 'Whether it be for the right motive or not, Christ is still preached.' And one never knows what chance word may touch a heart," said the poor little woman, shaking her limp curls away from her cheeks. "It was you being offended with him that made dear Jack think of coming to us; and what a happiness it is to think that he sees the error of his ways," cried poor Miss Dora, drying her tears. "And O Frank, my dear boy, I trust you will take warning by your brother, and not run into temptation," continued the anxious aunt, remembering all her troubles. "If you were to go wrong, it would take away all the pleasure of life."

"That is just what I was thinking," said Aunt Cecilia from her easy-chair.

"For, O Frank, my dear," said Miss Dora, much emboldened by this support, "you must consider that you are a clergyman, and there are a great many things that are wrong in a clergyman that would not matter in another man. O Leonora, if you would speak to him, he would mind you," cried the poor lady; "for you know a clergyman is quite different;" and Miss Dora again stopped short, and the three aunts looked at the bewildered curate, who, for his part, sat gazing at them without an idea what they could mean.

"What have I been doing that would be right in another man?" he said, with a smile which was slightly forced; and then he turned to Jack, who was laughing softly under his breath, and stroking his silky beard. The elder brother was highly amused by the situation altogether, but Frank, as was natural,



did not see it in the same light. "What have you been saying?" said the indignant curate; and his eyes gave forth a sudden light which frightened Miss Dora, and brought her in to the rescue.

"O Frank, he has not been saying anything," cried that troubled woman; "it is only what we have heard everywhere. O my dear boy, it is only for your good I have ever thought of speaking. There is nobody in the world to whom your welfare is so precious," said poor Miss Dora. "O Frank, if you and your brother were to have any difference, I should think it all my fault—and I always said you did not mean anything," she said, putting herself and her caudé-Cologne between the two, and looking as if she were about to throw herself into the curate's arms. "O Frank, dear, don't blame any one else—it is my fault!" cried Aunt Dora, with tears; and the tender-hearted, foolish creature kept between them, ready to rush in if any conflict should occur, which was a supposition much resented by the Curate of St. Roque's.

"Jack and I have no intention of fighting, I dare say," he said, drawing his chair away with some impatience; and Jack lay back on the sofa and stroked his beard, and looked on with the greatest composure while poor Miss Dora exhausted her alarm. "It is all my fault," sobbed Aunt Dora; "but, O my dear boy, it was only for your good; and I always said you did not mean anything," said the discomfited peacemaker. All this, though it was highly amusing to the prodigal, was gall and bitterness to the Perpetual Curate. It moved him far more deeply than he could have imagined it possible for anything spoken by his Aunt Dora to move him. Perhaps there is something in human nature which demands to be comprehended, even where it is aware that comprehension is impossible; and it wounded him in the most unreasonable way to have it supposed that he was likely to get into any quarrel with his brother, and to see Jack thus preferred to himself.

"Don't be a fool," said Miss Leonora, sharply; "I wish you would confine yourself to Louisa's bassinot, and talk of things you can understand. I hope Frank knows what he is doing better than a set of old women. At the same time, Frank," said Miss Leonora, rising and leading the way to the door,

"I want to say a word to you. Don't think you are above misconception. Most people believe a lie more readily than the truth. Dora is a fool," said the elder sister, pausing, when she had led her nephew outside the drawing-room door, "but so are most people; and I advise you to be careful, and not to give occasion for any gossip; otherwise, I don't say I disapprove of your conduct." She had her pen in one hand, and held out the other to him, dismissing him; and even this added to the painful feeling in the curate's heart.

"I should hope not," he said, somewhat stiffly: "good-by—my conduct is not likely to be affected by any gossip, and I don't see any need for taking precautions against imaginary danger." Miss Leonora thought her nephew looked very ungracious as he went away. She said to herself that Frank had a great deal of temper, and resembled his mother's family more than the Wentworths, as she went back to her writing-table; and though she could not disapprove of him, she felt vexed somehow at his rectitude and his impatience of advice; whereas, Jack, poor fellow! who had been a great sinner, was, according to all appearance, a great penitent also, and a true Wentworth, with all the family features. Such were Miss Leonora's thoughts as she went back to finish her letters, and to encourage her agents in her London district to carry on the good work.

"God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform," she wrote apropos of the gin-palace, and set very distinctly before her spiritual retainers all that Providence might intend by this unexpected hindrance; and so quite contented herself about her nephew, whose views on this and many other subjects were so different from her own.

Meanwhile Mr. Wentworth went about the rest of his day's work in a not unusual, but far from pleasant, frame of mind. When one suddenly feels that the sympathy upon which one calculated most surely has been withdrawn, the shock is naturally considerable. It might not be anything very great while it lasted, but still one feels the difference when it is taken away. Lucy had fallen off from him; and even Aunt Dora had ceased to feel his concerns the first in the world. He smiled at himself for the wound he felt; but that did not remove the sting of it. After the occupations of the day were over, when at



last he was going home, and when his work and the sense of fatigue which accompanied it had dulled his mind a little, the curate felt himself still dwelling on the same matter, contemplating it in a half-comic point of view, as proud men are not unapt to contemplate anything that mortifies them. He began to realize, in a humorous way, his own sensations as he stood at the drawing-room door and recognized the prodigal on the sofa; and then a smile dawned upon his lip as he thought once more of the prodigal's elder brother, who regarded that business with unsympathetic eyes and grudged the supper. And from that he went into a half-professional line of thought, and imagined to himself, half smiling, how, if he had been Dr. Cumming or the minister of Salem Chapel, he might have written a series of sermons on the unappreciated characters of Scripture, beginning with that virtuous uninteresting elder brother; from which suggestion, though he was not the minister of Salem nor Dr. Cumming, it occurred to the Perpetual Curate to follow out the idea, and to think of such generous, careless souls as Esau, and such noble unfortunates as the peasant-king, the mournful, magnificent Saul—people not generally approved of, or enrolled among the martyrs or saints. He was pursuing this kind of half-reverie, half-thought, when he reached his own house. It was again late and dark, for he had dined in the mean time, and was going home now to write his sermon, in which, no doubt, some of these very ideas were destined to re-appear. He opened the garden-gate with his latch-key, and paused, with an involuntary sense of the beauty and freshness of the night, as soon as he got within the sheltering walls. The stars were shining faint and sweet in the summer blue, and all the shrubs and the grass breathing forth that subdued breath of fragrance and conscious invisible life which gives so much sweetness to the night. He thought he heard whispering voices, as he paused glancing up at the sky; and then from the sidewalk he saw a little figure run, and heard a light little footstep fluttering towards the door which he had

just closed. Mr. Wentworth started and went after this little flying figure with some anxiety. Two or three of his long strides brought him up with the escaping visitor, as she fumbled in her agitation over the handle of the door. "You have come again, notwithstanding what I said to you? but you must not repeat it, Rosa," said the curate; "no good can come of these meetings. I will tell your uncle if I ever find you here again."

"Oh, no, no, please don't!" cried the girl; "but, after all, I don't mind," she said, with more confidence: "he would think it was something very different;" and Rosa raised her eyes to the curate's face with a coquettish inquiry. She could not divest herself of the thought that Mr. Wentworth was jealous, and did not like to have her come there for anybody but himself.

"If you were not such a child, I should be very angry," said the curate; "as it is, I am very angry with the person who deludes you into coming. Go home, child," he said, opening the door to her, "and remember I will not allow you on any pretext to come here again."

His words were low, and perhaps Rosa did not care much to listen; but there was quite light enough to show them both very plainly, as he stood at the door and she went out. Just then the Miss Hemmings were going up Grange Lane from a little tea-party with their favorite maid, and all their eyes about them. They looked very full in Mr. Wentworth's face, and said How d'ye do? as they passed the door; and when they had passed it, they looked at each other with eyes which spoke volumes. Mr. Wentworth shut the door violently with irrepressible vexation and annoyance when he encountered that glance. He made no farewells, nor did he think of taking care of Rosa on the way home as he had done before. He was intensely annoyed and vexed, he could not tell how; and this was how it happened that the last time she was seen in Carlingford, Rosa Elsworthy was left standing by herself in the dark at Mr. Wentworth's door.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW.

BY MRS. GASKELL.

I SHOULD like some of the readers of *Macmillan* to remember the name of the late Colonel Robert Gould Shaw as the name of one who gave up his life for what he believed to be right—deliberately risked, and cheerfully laid down, a prosperous, happy, beloved, and loving life.

Forgive me, dear American friends, if I seem to trench a little too much on what is personal. Before I end my narrative I think you will understand why I do it.

My first acquaintance with the Shaw family was in Paris, in the year 1855. Mrs. Shaw and her young daughters were spending the winter there; Mr. Shaw had gone to America to superintend the building of a large family house on Staten Island, that pleasant suburb of New York. There was only one son, Robert Gould Shaw, and he was absent from Paris at this time—studying in Germany, I think. The family had been for nearly five years in Europe, travelling in Italy and Egypt, and stopping where they liked, after the manner of wealthy Americans, and educating their children *not* after the usual manner of wealthy people. I remember the large pleasant suite of rooms, looking into the Tuileries gardens, occupied by Mrs. Shaw and her daughters; the pretty, thoughtful, original girls, clustering round their sweet, loving mother; the birds and pet animals, which she taught them to care for and attend to. I recollect scraps of the conversation of those days: how Mrs. Shaw spoke of her husband as the true and faithful descendant of one of the Pilgrim Fathers who had left everything for conscience' sake; how anxious she was that, while her daughters benefited in every way by the real advantages which Paris offered in the way of intellectual education, they should not be tainted by the worldliness and the love of dress so often fostered by a residence there. She spoke of the pity it was that the American girls in general were so encouraged, by the wealth of their parents, to spend great sums of money on themselves, so that this habit of expenditure always produced a self-indulgent character, and really often became an obstacle to marriages of true love; and then she went on to say how much she and her husband feared the adoption of riches as a comparative

standard of worth. But, again, she was fully alive to the real advantages that might be derived from wealth. One of her daughters drew well, and loved animals; she had lessons from Rosa Bonheur. The house at Staten Island was to be a home not merely for their children, but for their children's friends; each child was to have a sitting-room and bedroom, and an extra bedroom opening into the sitting-room, for a friend. These plans came lightly to the surface of conversation; and every now and then I had glimpses, unconsciously to my friend, of what she and her husband felt to be the deeper responsibilities of their position.

Well, this happy, prosperous family returned to America the next year. From time to time I gave English friends going to New York introductions to the Shaws; and one and all spoke of the kind hospitality which was shown to them—the bright home, full of treasures of European art, collected during their five years' travel; the upright, honorable father, the sweet mother, the eldest daughter, now married and living at home with her husband—(I thought how well the education had answered that had led to a "marriage of true minds," to which no want of riches on the distinguished husband's part had proved "impediment")—the pretty, elegant daughters playing at croquet on the lawn, before the game was so common in England—the noble, handsome, only son, with both his parents' characters blended in his, and a sunny life of prosperity before him.

That was the last picture I had of the home on Staten Island before the war broke out.

I knew that my friends were deeply impressed with the sin of slavery; they were thoughtful Abolitionists, and had taken part in all political questions bearing upon the subject both before and after their residence in Europe. I had letters on the subject of the war, as likely to affect slavery, within a month or two after the affair at Fort Sumter. They were not the fanatical letters of new converts to an opinion; still less were they the letters of people taking up a great moral question as a party cry. They were the letters of men and women deeply impressed with the sense of a great national sin, in which they themselves were, to a certain degree, implicated; and, without too

much casting stones at others, they spoke of slavery as a crime which must be done away with, and for the doing away of which they were not merely willing, but desirous to make their own personal sacrifices. The sacrifice has been made, and is accepted of God.

Presently I heard that Robert Gould Shaw, the only son, had entered the 7th New York Lancers, the crack regiment into which all the young men of the "upper ten thousand" entered—a dashing corps, splendidly horsed and arrayed. I remember well how I used to look for any mention of this 7th Lancers. By and by, perhaps before the war had deepened to grim, terrible earnest, Mrs. Shaw sent me word how, unable almost to bear the long separation from her only boy, she and his sisters had gone to camp (I forget where) to see him. And then he was at home on leave; and then he was engaged to a sweet, pretty young lady; and then—he had left the gay regiment of the 7th Lancers, and had gone to live with, and train and teach, the poor forlorn colored people—"niggers," who were going to fight for the freedom of their brothers in the South. The repugnance of the Northerners to personal contact with black or colored people has been repeatedly spoken of by all travellers in America. Probably Colonel Shaw had less of this feeling than a Northerner would have had who had been entirely brought up in America; but still it must have required that deep root of willingness to do God's will out of which springs the truest moral courage, to have enabled him to march out of New York at the head of the Massachusetts 54th, all black or colored men, amidst the jeers and scoffings of the "roughs," and the contemptuous pity of many who should have known better. Yet this did Colonel Shaw, one day this last spring, with a brave, trustful heart, leaving home, leaving mother, leaving new-made wife, to go forth and live amongst his poor despised men,—the first regiment of niggers called into the field,—and to share their hardships, and to teach them the deepest and most precious knowledge that he had himself. Two months afterwards he was with them before Fort Wagner, "sitting on the ground and talking to his men," says an eyewitness, "very familiarly and kindly. He told them how the eyes of thousands would look on the night's work on which they were about to enter; and he said, 'Now, boys, I

want you to be men!' He would walk along the line, and speak words of cheer to his men. We could see that he was a man who had counted the cost of the undertaking before him, for his words were spoken so ominously" (remember the Confederates had openly threatened to make an especial aim of every white officer leading colored troops), "his lips were compressed, and now and then there was visible a slight twitching of the corners of the mouth, like one bent on accomplishing or dying. One poor fellow, struck no doubt by the colonel's determined bearing, exclaimed as he was passing him, 'Colonel, I will stay with you till I die!' and he kept his word; he has never been seen since."

The 54th colored Massachusetts regiment held the right of the storming column that attacked Fort Wagner on the 18th of July last. It went into action six hundred and fifty strong, and came out with a loss of a third of the men, and a still larger proportion of officers, but eight out of twenty-three coming out uninjured. The regiment was marched up in column by wings, the first being under the command of Colonel Shaw. When about one thousand yards from the fort, the enemy opened upon them with shot, shell, and canister. They pressed through this storm, and cheered and shouted as they advanced. When within a hundred yards from the fort, the musketry from it opened with such terrible effect that the first battalion hesitated—only for an instant. Colonel Shaw sprang forward, and, waving his sword, cried, "Forward, my brave boys!" and, with another cheer and shout, they rushed through the ditch, gained the parapet on the right, and were soon hand to hand with the enemy. Colonel Shaw was one of the first to scale the walls. He stood erect to urge forward his men, and, while shouting to them to press forward, he was shot dead, and fell into the fort. His body was found with twenty of his men lying dead around him, two lying on his own body. In the morning they were all buried together in the same pit.

I must not forget to name one of Colonel Shaw's men—one of "his niggers" (as the Confederates called them; when the Federals asked for his body the day after the fight, "Colonel Shaw!" they said, "we buried him below his niggers!") One of his niggers was a Sergeant William Carney, who

caught the colors from a wounded color-bearer, and was the first man to plant the stars and stripes on Fort Wagner. As he saw the men falling back, himself severely wounded in the breast, he brought the colors off, creeping on his knees, pressing his wound with one hand, and with the other holding up the banner, the sign of his freedom. The moment he was seen crawling into hospital with the flag still in his possession, his wounded companions, both black and white, rose from the straw on which they were lying and cheered him, until, exhausted, they could cheer no longer. In response to this reception the brave, wounded standard-bearer said, "Boys, I but did my duty; the dear old flag never touched the ground."

And now Robert Gould Shaw is dead; the rich, prosperous young man, who might have lived at his ease in the beautiful home on Staten Island, is dead. He, who might have fought gallantly in splendid uniform on a noble charger among his fellows in riches and station, is dead—fighting among the despised colored people, amongst whom the last months of his life were passed—buried beneath his niggers with contempt and insult.

It makes my heart burn when I read the false statements sometimes put out by English papers, to the effect that the higher classes of Northerners shirk their part of sacrifice and suffering, and that, in fact, the Federal regiments are filled with mercenaries, German or Irish. I, one English individual, know, of my own personal knowledge, of three only sons, of rich parents, living in happy homes, full of gladness and hope, who have left all—I will say it—to follow Christ; and have laid down their lives, for no party object, for no mere political feeling; but to see if their lives might avail, if ever so little, to set the captive free. And the mother of one of these dead sons is giving, her friends fear far too liberally, to procure comforts, and even luxuries for the Confederate prisoners in Fort la Fayette.

And now, dear mourning friend, let me quote some of your words:—

"Yes, my darling, precious, only son has joined the host of young martyrs who have given their lives to the cause of right in the last two years. He and I had thought and talked of what might happen to him, and I thought I was ready for the blow when it should come; but when can a mother be ready

to give up her child? It has been a terrible struggle, and no relief comes to me but from prayer. I do not mean that I would have had it otherwise; for it was a fitting end for his noble and most beautiful life. Ah! dear friend, when I think of the agony that has torn the hearts of mothers and wives in this country, North and South, I feel sure that God is performing a mighty work in the land, and, purified from our curse of slavery, our descendants will reap the reward of our suffering."

I will now copy out some extracts from an American newspaper, to show that my strong feeling about Colonel Shaw is participated in by others not of kin to him.

"COLONEL ROBERT GOULD SHAW.

"When John Brown was led out of the Charlestown jail on his way to execution, he paused a moment, it will be remembered, in the passage-way, and, taking a little colored child in his arms, he kissed and blessed it. The dying blessing of the martyr will descend from generation to generation, and a whole race will cherish the memory of that simple caress, so degrading as it seemed to the slaveholders around him. . . .

"Only those who knew Colonel Shaw can understand how fitting it seems, when the purpose of outrage is put aside and forgotten, that he should have been laid in a common grave with his black soldiers. The relations between colored troops and their officers, if these are good for anything and fit for their places, must needs be, from the circumstances of the case, very close and peculiar. They were especially so with Colonel Shaw and his regiment. His was one of those natures which attract first through the affections. Most gentle-tempered, sympathetic, full of kindness, unselfish, unobtrusive, and gifted with great personal beauty and a noble bearing, he was sure to win the love, in a very marked degree, of men of a race peculiarly susceptible to influence from such traits. First they loved him with a devotion which could hardly exist anywhere else than in the peculiar relation which he held to them as commander of the first regiment of free colored men permitted to fling out a military banner in this country—a banner that, so raised, meant to them so much. But then came closer ties. They found that this young man, with education and habits that would naturally lead him to choose a life of ease, with wealth at his command, with peculiarly happy social relations,—one most tender one just formed,—accepted the position offered to him, in consideration of his soldierly as well as moral fitness, because he recognized a solemn duty to the black man, because he was ready to throw all

that he had, all that he was, all that the world could give him, for the negro race! Beneath that gentle and courtly bearing which so won upon the colored people of Boston when the 54th was in camp; beneath that kindly but unswerving discipline of the commanding officer; beneath that stern, but always cool and cheerful courage of the leader in the fight, was a clear and deep conviction of a duty to the blacks. He hoped to lead them, as one of the roads to social equality, to fight their way to true freedom, and herein he saw his path of duty. Of the battle (two days before that in which he fell, and in which his regiment, by their bravery, won the right to lead the attack on Fort Wagner), he said, 'I wanted my men to fight by the side of whites, and they have done it;' thinking of others, not of himself; thinking of that great struggle for equality in which the race had now a chance to gain a step forward, and to which he was ready to devote his life. Could it have been for him to choose his last resting-place, he would no doubt have said, 'Bury me with my men, if I earn that distinction.'"

The following is the address of the Military Governor of South Carolina to the people of color in the Department of the South.

"BEAUFORT, S. C., July 27, 1863.

"To the colored soldiers and freedmen in this Department:

"It is fitting that you should pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the late Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, Colonel of the 54th regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. He commanded the first regiment of colored soldiers from a Free State ever mustered into the United States' service.

"He fell at the head of his regiment, while leading a storming party against a rebel stronghold. You should cherish in your inmost hearts the memory of one who did not hesitate to sacrifice all the attractions of a high social position, wealth, and home, and his own noble life for the sake of humanity—another martyr to your cause that death has added—still another hope for your race. The truths and principles for which he fought and died still live, and will be vindicated. On the spot where he fell, by the ditch into which his mangled and bleeding body was thrown, on the shores of South Carolina, I trust that you will honor yourselves, and his gallant memory, by appropriating the first proceeds of your labor as freemen towards erecting an enduring monument to the hero, soldier, martyr—Robert Gould Shaw.

"R. SAXTON,

"Brigadier-General and Military Governor."

TOGETHER.

"We have buried him with his niggers."—*Reply to the request for Colonel Shaw's body.*

O fair-haired Northern hero!

With thy guard of dusky hue,

Up from the field of battle!

Rise to the last Review!

Sweep downward, welcoming angels,

In legions dazzling bright

Bear up these souls together

Before Christ's throne of light!

The Master, who remembers

The cross, the thorns, the spear,

Smiles on these risen freedmen

As their ransomed souls appear.

And thou, young generous spirit,

What shall thy greeting be?

"Thou hast aided the down-trodden;

Thou hast done it unto Me."

**PURIFICATION OF AIR BY THE VAPORIZATION OF WATER.**—In a communication to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Morin states that during his studies on ventilation his attention was especially drawn to the arrangements of the British Houses of Parliament made for purifying the air by steam before permitting it to enter, both in winter and summer. He was led, in consequence, to attribute a salubrious effect in the air to the presence of watery vapor dissolved in the air; possibly due, like the rain in storms, to the development of a small quantity of electricity (conformably to the experiments of Saussure and Pouillet), which modifies the air and produces active oxygen, so efficient in destroying the emanations of decaying bodies and other effluvia.

M. Morin accordingly caused experiments to be made at the Conservatoire des Arts, the results of which he considers to favor his opinion, and he accordingly calls upon the medical profession and sanitary commissions to examine the question.

Cousin has, we understand, now made his will. He has bequeathed his library, collected with immense care and trouble, to the State, under the condition that it should always form a special division of the National Library.



A DUTCHMAN'S DIFFICULTIES WITH THE  
ENGLISH LANGUAGE,AS EXPERIENCED BY MYNHEER STEVEN VAN  
BRAMMELENDAM.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,—

And now let me tell you how I fared with your Dutch friend, Steven van Brammelendam. You really could not have given me a greater treat than by introducing him to me.

You know I had picked up as much of Brammelendam's native tongue as enabled me to converse tolerably well with him. Still, I always tried to get him to speak English, for his mistakes were very funny, and his observations upon the peculiarities of our language amusing beyond description. Being somewhat of a Latin and Greek scholar, and knowing French and German, he found little difficulty in understanding the English *grammar*. His pronunciation also was remarkably correct, an advantage which I believe he owes to his having got a few lessons from an Englishman when a boy of twelve. His stock of English was rather scanty, but he never was at a loss. When he wanted a word, he would simply take a Dutch or a Latin one, give it somewhat of an English turn, and launch it forth with a feeling of confidence which often made us laugh heartily. Steven took everything in good humor; and when we explained to him the oddity of his phrase, would laugh as heartily as any of us.

As you had informed me of his intention of arriving, via Dover, on the 14th, I kept looking out for him all day at my office in Cornhill. I purposed to drive him down at once to my residence at Chelsea. Steven, however, did not turn up till the forenoon of the next day, when, after delivering your letter of introduction, he told me with an air of perplexity that he had passed the night at some inn in the neighborhood—that he had left his luggage there—but could not find the place again, as he was quite bewildered with the countless number of streets and lanes, each of which was “as full with people, carriages, and ‘busses, as an egg is with meat.” But let me tell you his story as he told it to us that same evening over our tea at Chelsea.

Owing to some difficulty about his luggage at the custom-house, Steven could not

leave Dover before the last train, which arrived at London Bridge at 10.30 P.M. He took a cab and drove up to my office at Cornhill. Of course he found it locked up. He rang the bell—rang again—rang a third time, but the merciless door was immovable. No wonder, indeed. Good Mrs. Jenkins, our housekeeper, was already enjoying the luxury of her first sleep. Nor was she much pleased at being roused out of it by a tremendous tolling, that rang through the premises as if the police had come to tell her that the whole neighborhood was on fire. She put on her gown, or, to use an expression of Steven's, “she flung herself into her frock” as quickly as she could, and, frantic with excitement, hurried up the stairs, candle in hand, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, the like of which had not occurred in her long housekeeping experience. No sooner had she opened the door, than Steven, presenting your letter of introduction, said,—

“Is my gentleman Dobson to house?”

“Pray, sir, I cannot read,” answered Mrs. Jenkins, returning the letter.

“Is my gentleman Dobson to house?” Steven repeated.

“Sir?”

“Yes, Sir Dobson.”

“What about Sir Dobson?”

“Is he to house?”

“What house? I don't understand you.”

“Give this letter to your gentleman,” said Steven, in the kindest tone he could assume.

“There are no gentlemen here,” answered Mrs. Jenkins, rather indignantly; “call to-morrow at ten,” and the door was shut upon the benighted Brammelendam.

A cabman now came to the rescue. With some difficulty he succeeded in making Steven understand that he would have to take a bed at a *hinn* for the night. Then after having crossed some four or five streets he put him down at the entrance of a gin palace, whose splendid lanterns promised “chops, steaks, and well-air'd beds” to travellers. The landlord, observing two big portman-teaus and a hat-box on the top of the cab, had no objection, of course, to take in the late visitor.

“What am I guilty to you?” Steven said to cabby, pulling out his purse.

“Guilty?” cabby repeated with a smile;

"don't know, unless you run away without paying me."

Steven understood the word "paying."

"Yes; I will pay the load. How much?"

"Half a crown."

"What is half a crown?"

"Why, it's two-and-six."

"Frightful!" Steven exclaimed. "Twenty-six shilling! only for riding me such a short end!"

Cabby, who fortunately was one of the better stamp, could not help laughing at this mistake, which certainly was something out of the common. After some further explanation, Steven, much to his satisfaction, saw Jehu off with his two shillings and sixpence.

After having seen his luggage taken up to his bedroom, Steven entered the tap-room, which consisted of twelve boxes, six on each side.

"Where is the coffee-room?" asked Steven.

"This is the coffee-room," the landlord replied.

"What? This?" Steven exclaimed. "This is a place for horses. There is precisely room here for twelve horses. Do you put men into horse-stables in this country?"

The landlord gave no reply. Steven, perceiving that no choice was left to him, took a seat in one of the "horse-stables," and ordered his supper.

"Give me a butterham with flesh and a half-bottle wine."

"No bread?" the landlord asked.

"Natural," Steven replied, not knowing the English expression *of course*.

The landlord smiled and shook his head. He brought up some butter and a few slices of ham.

"Which wine do you take, sir—sherry or port?"

"None of both. Give me *Bordeaux*."

"Don't know that wine," the landlord replied, shrugging his shoulders.

"I aim at *red* wine."

"Why, that's port."

"No port. Port is too heady to me."

"Perhaps you mean French wine?"

"Mean French wine!" Steven exclaimed.

"No; French wine is not mean. It is drunk by kings and princes. Pour me a glass."

While the landlord fetched a bottle of claret, Steven murmured within himself,

"Those conceited Englishmen! Everything which is not English, is mean in their estimation."

"Where is the butterham?" Steven asked, while the landlord put down the bottle.

"Why, it is before you," the landlord replied, pointing at the plates. "This is the butter, and this is the ham."

Steven burst out laughing.

"Oh, yes, natural!" he said. "This is butter *and* ham. But I ordered a butterham. I aim at bread for smearing the butter upon it."

With such difficulties as these Steven struggled, till at length he had got his wants supplied, and thought of retiring for the night. Not being in the habit of shaving himself, he thought it might be as well to order a barber for the next morning. Remembering that the name of the instrument which the barbers use is called a razor, he said to the landlord, "Can I be razed tomorrow?"

"Raised?" the landlord repeated, smiling; "yes, to be sure you can."

"Will you then send up a man to raze me?"

"I will raise you myself."

"Ah, very well. At nine o'clock, if you please."

The next morning, punctual to time, the landlord knocked at Steven's door.

"Within!" Steven cried, and the landlord entered.

"Where is your knife?" Steven asked.

"My knife? What for?"

"Well, to raze me."

"Why, you *are* raised."

"I am *not* razed. You must raze me with a knife along my visage."

With these words Steven passed his hand to and fro over his chin to imitate the operation of shaving.

"Oh, I see," the landlord cried in a fit of laughter. "You want to be shaved! But I am not a barber, sir; you must go to a shaving shop."

"Where is a shaving shop?" Steven asked.

The landlord took him to the window, and pointing to a street on the opposite side, said something about a turning to the right, and then to the left, and an outstanding pole, and a brass plate, and told him to look out for the word *shaving*.

Steven understood scarcely a word; but from the direction in which the landlord pointed, he concluded that he had to walk up the indicated street. Before leaving the inn, however, he was careful to note down the name of its owner, the number of the house, and the name of the street.

He walked up the street, looking carefully to right and left, but no shaving place could he see. At length, after having turned down half a dozen streets, he noticed on a window the inscription, "Savings-Bank."

"Ah," he said to himself, "this is it. Here is a bank upon which people are placed to be saved."

It did not escape his notice that the landlord had spoken of *shaving*, and not of *saving*; but he surmised that this difference was owing to the innkeeper's cockney pronunciation, which always likes to squeeze in an *h* where it is not wanted.

He entered the savings-bank. A young man was standing at a desk, apparently engaged in some calculation.

"Can I here be saved?" Steven asked.

"I'll attend to you in two minutes," the clerk answered.

Steven looked round the place. It was a magnificent office. A large set of mahogany desks seemed waiting for half a dozen clerks who had not yet made their appearance. Steven perceived that he was mistaken. "Still," he thought, "I will ask this young man to help me on my way."

"Well. What can I do for you?" said the clerk to him.

Now Steven wanted at once to tell him that he perceived he was wrong, but he did not know the word "wrong." "What is *verkeerd* in English?" he asked himself. He translated the word into Latin, and giving it an English termination, said,—

"My gentleman, I see I am perverted. I wish to be saved."

The comical face with which Steven said these words called up an equally comical expression on the face of the clerk.

"What? Are you perverted?" he asked, contracting his brow with a queer look.

"Yes, I see I am here on the perverted place; but perhaps will you be so good of to help me on the way."

"Do you want to deposit some money?" the clerk asked.

"Yes, I have money," Steven answered,

producing a handful of coppers from his pocket; "I must be saved with a razor along my visage."

The clerk laughed uproariously, and so did some of the other clerks who had now come in, until the whole office echoed. Steven, perceiving the oddity of the case, heartily joined them. The young man then took him to a barber's shop, where he soon got what he wanted.

A few days later he read on a shop window, *Shavings for grates*.

"Ah," he said to himself, "I suppose this is a philanthropic establishment for poor people to be shaved gratis."

After leaving the barber's shop poor Steven again found himself in an awkward predicament. He could not find his inn. In vain he walked up one street after another. At length he asked a person whom he met,—

"Can you tell me where Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co.'s Entire is?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the answer. "Ask the cabman over there."

Cabby readily offered to take Steven to the place. After half an hour's drive, he found himself at the entrance of the brewery at Spitalfields. Of course cabby was ordered to drive back; and this time it was to my office. I was glad to meet him and give him welcome.

"Where have you passed the night?" I asked.

"Well, in an Entire," Steven replied.

"It was written up with big letters, Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co.'s Entire."

I could not help laughing out, however unpolite. But he laughed as heartily when I explained the matter to him.

"Don't you know the name of the street?"

I asked, looking as grave as I could.

"Yes," he answered, looking into his pocket-book, "it is *Stick no bills Street F. P. 13 feet*."

"How in the world did you get that address?" I asked, scarcely able to contain myself.

"Well," he answered, "I went to the corner of the street where a church stands, and there I read these words."

Really it was no easy method to find out the place from such an address. The circumstance, however, that the corner of the street was occupied by a church, supplied us with a thread to track our way through the

labyrinth. After an hour's searching we were successful in finding the "Entire," and soon we were on our way to Chelsea.

With deep interest Steven studied the shops as we drove along.

"You are a great nation," he said. "I see you have even warehouses for separate nationalities, such as Italian warehouses and Babylonian warehouses. I suppose statues from Italy are sold in the one, and antiquities from Babylon in the other."

"You are mistaken as to the Italian warehouse," I replied. "It has nothing to do with Italian art or literature. It is only a shop for selling fruits and dainties. But as to the Babylonian warehouses, I really do not know that there are such in this country."

"Well, there is one!" cried he, pointing at a shop which we passed by.

I looked out of the window. It was a baby-linen warehouse.

You can understand how we received the story of Steven's difficulties. He took it all good-naturedly, however, and by repeated questionings showed a great thirst for information. Here is one out of many of his interrogatories. He asked why the entrance to a railway station bore the inscription *Tuo yaw*, which he noticed at the London Bridge terminus. He looked into his dictionary, but the word *Tuo* was not there, and as to the word *yaw*, he found it was a nautical term, meaning a quick, out-of-the-way motion. But what it had to do with a railway station he was not able to make out. Various solutions were offered. Some thought it might be the name of one of the stations on the line. Others supposed it might be the name of an advertiser. At length, after much questioning and musing, we found that it was the words *Way out*, which, stuck on the transparent glass door, had been read by Steven coming from an opposite side.

Being engaged next day in some important business matters, I left Steven to see London for himself. With his dictionary in one pocket and his map in the other, he set out in the direction of Hyde Park. He refused to take a guide, preferring to find his way unassisted. "On that manner," he said, "shall I the city better learn to know, and I shall better to my eyes give the food." After having walked a couple of hours, however, he found that he ought to "give the

food" also to his stomach. He noticed a pie-house.

"Can I here a little eat?"

"Yes," the lady replied. "What do you want?"

"What have you?" Steven asked.

"I can give you a pork pie."

Steven took his dictionary. He had never heard the word before. He soon found it, or at least he thought so.

"What!" he exclaimed, "do you eat those beasts in this country?"

"Of course we do," the lady replied. "We aren't Jews."

"Tastes it nicely?"

"Very," the lady answered, with a smile.

"Give me a piece, if you please."

"I cannot give you a piece, you must take a whole."

"But I cannot eat a whole porcupine!" Steven exclaimed.

"Oh, dear!" the lady cried, shaking with laughter. "Did you mean I was to give you a hedgehog? No, sir; I cannot treat you to such a dainty. A pork pie is made of a pig."

Steven again referred to his dictionary, and turned up the word *pick*.

"That's in the whole no food, that's a hammer," he said. "I cannot eat iron and steel," he added with a smile.

The lady felt quite perplexed. She called her husband, to whom she explained her difficulty. He at once took a pie, and pointing to it with his finger, imitated the grunting noise of a hog in such a perfect way that there could be no further misapprehension. Steven therefore eat the pie with comfort and relish.

One evening when a party of friends were spending a couple of hours with us, we had a conversation about the Dutch and the English languages, which soon grew into a friendly and amusing controversy. Steven, in his usual humorous mood, held that the Dutch was the best and most perfect language in the world. He believed it was spoken in Paradise. One of our friends agreed with him there, because he believed it was spoken by the serpent. Upon this Steven quickly answered, "Natural, for the cunning animal knew that in English, which was its own language, it would not be understood." However little complimentary this explanation was to our Eng-

lish feeling, yet Steven earned the applause of the whole company through his adroit application. To prove his assertion about the perfection of the Dutch language, he pointed at the various sizes of its words. "If you come to us for words," he said, "we can serve you in all manners. We have words so short that they only exist in two letters; for example, *ei*, which in English is *egg*. Here, you see, we are thirty per cent shorter than you. On the contrary, if you want a long word, take this:—

"*Verbeeldingskrachtsontwikkelingswerkzaamheden*, which means, Operations for the development of the power of imagination. Or this:—

"*Middenuintèravondtydkortingsgesprekken*, which means, Intercourses for shortening the time during the evenings in the middle of the winter."

He wrote the words down on a slip of paper, and we could not help confessing that we were unable to put English words of equal length against them. We then tried to imitate him in pronouncing them, by which means the whole company assumed the appearance of an assembly of people who were suffering from sea-sickness, or whose food had got into their windpipe. We gave up the experiment, declaring that our throats were too refined for such barbarous proceedings.

"Barbarous proceedings!" Steven exclaimed, cheerfully. "No, *you* are barbarers!"

"Barbers!" cried the whole of us.

"Ah, Steven," I said, "you must know better, since you experienced that neither the landlord at the 'Entire,' nor the clerk at the savings-bank, was able to 'raze' you.

Steven looked into his dictionary.

"Excuse me, I mean you are barbarians," he answered. "Nothing is so barbarous as your pronunciation. You speak out *lieutenant* with an *f*, and *colonel* with an *r*. Is that not totally unrhymed? Yesterday I met a gentleman who told me that his name was *Da-el*. He gave me his card and I read, Mr. *Dalziel*. You swallow your words up like oysters, shells and all. *Cholmondelis* becomes *Chomly*; *Leicester* evaporates into *Lester*; *Colquhoun* melts away into *Kehoon*. What in the world do your letters serve for if you don't speak out them? If you meet with a word of some length, you pick out one syllable,

which you pronounce with a strong accent, while the remaining syllables are rattled away with such a speed that no human ear can understand them. Some days ago I heard two gentlemen talk over the American war. As far as I could make it up, they disagreed over the question, whether the broken Union could be restored. In this discussion the one made frequently use of a word which apparently existed in many syllables, but the only one I could understand was, *rap* or *rep*. At length, after much sharp listening, I discovered that it was *irreparableness*. Now I know this word wholly good. I have hundred times the word *irreparabilis* in Latin read and written. But, with such a pronunciation, would even Cicero, with all his knowledge of Latin, tumble into the ditch? And then, what a ridiculous way of putting the accent! *You* place it exactly there where nobody thinks of to place it. *Photography* is composed of two Greek words, *phos*, light, and *graphia*, writing. The *to* is merely a syllable for to link the two together. It has no meaning of itself. Yet you leave the *pho* and the *gra* alone, but you place your accent upon that miserable, good-for-nothing *to*. It is just like building a spire on the roof of a fire-engine house. So I heard yesterday two ministers in full earnestness discuss the question, whether, in *bicentenary*, the accent ought to be on *cen* or on *ten*!"

Steven here paused, but, no one wishing to interrupt him, he proceeded.

"And were you yet but regular in the placing of your accents! But you are upon this point so despotic that the Turkish sultan may take his hat off to you. In *photography* you place the accent upon *to*. Very good. We must allow it, because we can do nothing against it. But in *photographic*, you at once, without to ask somebody's permission, transplace the accent upon *gra*. This is really inhuman. I protest against such arbitrariness in the name of all the nations who come to your country. We have the right of to expect that your language, as being a human language, be speakoutable, following rules which are learnable by men. But your pronunciation is like a ship without helm and compass in the open sea. I believe it is lighter to set the cackling of ducks and geese upon notes, than to make rules for the pronunciation of the English language."

In this way Steven scolded us in his An-



glicized-Dutch style, of which I have tried to give you an idea. While reading over what I have written, however, I find I only have given you a poor copy. Sometimes he was quite unintelligible, by translating a Dutch word wrongly, or taking a wrong word from the dictionary. I had then to come between, as interpreter, and with the aid of my knowledge of the Dutch, to try to put him on the right way again. I recollect he said, "In this supervision," instead of "in this respect;" "to traduct" for "to translate;" an "underputting" for a "supposition;" "to come over one" for "to agree;" an "underseparation" for a "distinction." To a lady who made an objection to one of his statements, he said, "I believe I can easily over-harness you." He meant to say, "I can easily convince you." And so there were a great many other odd mistakes which made us laugh heartily, and contributed much to our amusement.

Now as to Steven's invective against our irregular pronunciation we could not help pleading guilty. But then one of us ventured to say something in defence of our language by pointing out its practical tendency, the simplicity of its grammar, and the conciseness of its structure.

"Oh, speak there not of!" Steven replied, in his amusing tone of mock-indignation. "Yes, you are short in your expressions, but one must not ask what you sacrifice to that brevity. You hold house among the foreign languages with true vandalism, and you break the neck of the finest words to make them usable for your abbreviationism. So by example take the word *omnibus*. Is that not a beautiful Latin word? Well, how did you handle it? You chopped off its tail, and threw its head and body overboard; and thus you got the word *bus*! On the contrary, with the word *cabriolet*, you went to work in the round-turned manner; you chopped off the head, and threw away body and tail, and thus you kept the word *cab*. That is really dealing with languages like a butcher. What a confusion must there out come forth!"

"True," I said, interrupting him. "You experienced that yourself the other day, didn't you? when you were staying with Mr. Hayborne, and had to go to a tea-party."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "it was with the

cab. I had dined with Mr. Hayborne, and we should drink tea by his cousin Mrs. Johnis (Mrs. Jones). 'We will take a cab,' he said to me. 'A cap?' I asked. 'Is that usage in this country by evening parties?' 'Yes,' he said; 'why not? You see it will rain.' 'Just so,' I answered; 'it would corrupt our hats.' 'Of course it would,' he said. So I went into the hall to take my cap from the cloth-rake, meanwhile thinking by myself, 'How parsimonious those English are with their hats!' I could not find my cap on the cloth-rake. The servant had brought it above in my sleep-room. I rang the bell for a candle and went above. Meanwhile the cab came before the door. Mr. Hayborne came up to me. 'What keeps you?' asked he. 'Why,' answered I, 'I cannot find it. The servant said to me it is here upon my sleep-room.' 'What is here?' asked he. 'Why, the cap.' 'The cab?' he said, bursting out. 'Do you expect the cab to come up to your bedroom to ride with you to a tea-party?' I then comprehended my misguessing, and laughed heartily for it."

"I wonder you speak our language so well after such a short stay in our country," said one.

"Oh, I find that it is very difficult," Steven replied; "and I believe that I make much errors."

"Of course, there are some faults, but they are not of such a kind as to prevent us from understanding what you mean. They are more amusing than perplexing. As, for instance, when you said you 'went above,' instead of 'up-stairs.'"

"Indeed," Steven said. "Do you always say 'up-stairs'? Then I suppose that you do also not say, 'below,' but 'under stairs.'"

"No, 'down-stairs,'" cried some voices.

"Ah, that is very difficult," Steven sighed. "You are very irregular and arbitrary also in the use of your prepositions. How can we ever learn it? You say, by example, that a child for its support depends upon its parents. Now is that not absurd? We say in Dutch that it depends from its parents, and I think we have it right. For 'to depend' literally signifies 'to hang down,' just as you picture to the wall 'hangs down' from the nail which supports it; thus the child, as it were, 'hangs down' from its parents. Now would it not be absurd to say that the picture 'hangs down' upon the

nail? Just so absurd it is to say that the child depends *upon* its parents."

"I never thought of that," one said; "but I must confess you are right."

"I am glad for that," Steven replied.

"Of that," I remarked, correcting him.

"Of that? But did I not hear you say this morning that you were 'sorry for' something?"

"Yes; we say, 'I am glad of it,' and 'I am sorry for it.'"

"Ah, that is frightful!" Steven exclaimed. "Glad *of* and sorry *for*! Just the world turned upside down! The preposition *of* always more or less shuts in the idea of 'disinclining from,' at least of 'moving away from.' So you say, by example, that I am *of* Amsterdam, which is the same as *from* Amsterdam. Yet you unite this word with *glad*, which is one of the strong expressions of inclinations towards an object. On the other side you unite *for*, the preposition of favor and inclination, with *sorry*, a word which expresses grief, displeasure, and dislike."

"Indeed," one of the ladies observed, "it never struck me that we used our prepositions in such a strange way. It really must be perplexing to a foreigner to learn all such irregularities."

"Oh, I am disgusted from them," Steven replied, in a joking tone.

"With them!" several voices burst out.

"With them?" Steven repeated. "Do you say, 'I am disgusted *with* that drunkard?'"

"To be sure we do."

"Well, that is most absurd. We Dutchmen are disgusted *from* him; we do not want to be *with* him at all. Disgust seems to bring forth a strange effect in you. It drives you to be *with* the object which you dislike. I suppose you consequently say, I am pleased *from* my wife and children."

"No, no! *with*!" the gentlemen cried. "We are all of us pleased *with* our wives. No mistake about that."

"So, whether you are disgusted or pleased, it is all the same," Steven replied, jocosely. "You must always be *with* them."

"We can't help it!" some answered, archly.

In this way the conversation went on till we were called to supper. A great many other prepositions were brought up for dis-

cussion, upon which Steven gave his opinion, much to the amusement of the party. Among others, the verb *to put*, with its numerous prepositions and equally numerous significations, became a source of most amusing controversy. How "to put up," for instance, could mean, "to place, to expose, to dwell, and to have fellowship with," it was quite impossible for poor Steven to understand.

Before I close this long letter, I must tell you Steven's experience at a public meeting of the "Society for training School-Teachers." Sir Edward Templerow, with whom Steven was staying for a couple of days, was its chairman, and of course invited him to attend. As Steven took a lively interest in everything connected with school education, the invitation was very welcome to him. He even promised to give an address, and, to be able to do so, kept his room all day to write down his speech. At half-past seven, Sir Edward came to tell him that his gig was at the door. Steven had never heard the word "gig" before; but he guessed that it must be a conveyance. He got a place by Sir Edward's side on the platform, and after some business was gone through, "the friend from Holland" was summoned to address the meeting.

"Dear friends," he said, "when I rode through the streets in the wig of your chairman—"

Poor Steven! he could not proceed. An uproarious burst of laughter drowned his voice. He took it with the best possible humor, though, and patiently waited till the people, both on and under the platform, had recovered. Meanwhile Sir Edward, amid much chuckling, explained to him in a whispered tone the cause of this unexpected but amusing disturbance, and when the noise had subsided, Steven thus proceeded:—

"When I rode through the streets of your giant-like town (applause), and when I saw the many churches which heave their towers up-stairs (cheers), I thought, the English are a very churchful people (loud cheers). I therefore wonder not that you also are an educational people; for religion is the mother of education, and where there are many churches, there we may expect that there are also many schools."

Here Steven could annex his written speech, which he then read as follows:—

"But schools are not the unique thing

which is necessary for a good education. The great requisite is to have understanding schoolmasters, who are not principleless, as many, alas! are, but who go out from the true beginning. A good school-building with a bad schoolmaster, is equal to a fine coach with a drunken coachman (loud cheers). Some schoolmasters give the children too little. They neglect them, as if our children were but monkeys, walking on their behind legs (uproarious applause). No, our children are not monkeys; but such schoolmasters are donkeys. Others give to the children too much. They endeavor to make professors of them. They endeavor to replenish their little heads with the inkeepings of the whole universe. They will make famous astronomers of them, and climb up with them upstairs far beyond sun and moon, and still above. Or they will make learned geologists of them, and valley with them downstairs into the bowels of the earth, or still below. But this is perverted. When we communicate knowledge to men we must be prudent, as we are in giving them natural food. We give roast beef and entries to great people, but we feed our babies with poultice (uproarious laughter). Just so we must make our teaching-stuff for children so low that it falls under their childish comprehension.

Schoolmasters must not stand among the little fellows like Goliath among the Philistines (cheers). They must know how, as it were, to squat down by their side and thus teach them as if they were their ancients brothers. Teachers who refuse thus to humble themselves, bereave the children of great beforeparts. It exhilarates me to learn that your Society fosters the same feelings as I with relation to this weighty subject. I hope that you will find many low young men, who stick out by humility as well as by ability. I hope that your schools will more and more be illustrious spectacles for the eye of the nation, —spectacles of order and discipline and solid instruction, and of many other useful proprieties and predicaments. I hope that your schools will more and more be the wet-nurses of great men, so that whole Europe, looking at the English people, shall be pulled up in stupefaction at the bigness of this nation."

Here Steven van Brammelendam sat down amid deafening applause. And here I must also lay down my pen, which has run on too far already. I hope you will not be disappointed, however, with my rambling account of the experiences of our good, kind-hearted friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE DANISH DIFFICULTY EXPLAINED.—Young persons who dine out, and wish to be considered well-informed young diners-out, must desire to be able to answer, in a few simple words, the questions so frequently put as to the real value of the difficulty about the King of Denmark's succession to the Schleswig-Holstein duchies, *Mr. Punch* will explain the matter in a moment. The case is this. King Christian, being an agnate, is the collateral heir male of the German Diet, and consequently the Duchy of Holstein, being mediatized, could only have ascended to the Landgravine of Hesse in default of consanguinity in the younger branch of the Sonderburg-Glucksburgs, and therefore Schleswig, by the surrender of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, was acquired as a fief in remainder by the morganatic marriage of Frederick the Seventh. This is clear enough, of course. The difficulty, however, arises from the fact that while the Danish protocol of 1852, which was drawn up by Lord Palmerston, but signed by Lord Malmesbury, repudiated *ex post facto* the claims of Princess Mary of Anhalt, as remainder-woman to the

Electress of Augustenburg, it only operated as a *uti possidetis* in reference to the interests of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg, while Baron Bunsen's protest against Catholicism, under the terms of the Edict of Nantes, of course barred the whole of the lineal ancestry of the Grand Duke from claiming by virtue of the Salic clause of the Pragmatic Sanction. The question is therefore exhaustively reduced to a very narrow compass, and the dispute simply is, whether an agnate who is not consanguineous, can, as a Lutheran, hold a fief which is clothed by mediatization with the character of a neutral belligerent. This is really all that is at issue, and those who seek to complicate the case by introducing the extraneous statement, true no doubt in itself, that the Princess of Wales, who is the daughter of the present King of Denmark made no public renunciation of either the duchies, or the ivory hairbrushes, when she dined with Lord Mayor Rose, are simply endeavoring to throw dust in the eyes of Europe.—*Punch*.

READING FAIRY TALES.

*Suggested by a charming picture published by Bufford, of Boston.*

On the nursery-sofa sitting,  
A picture-book in her hand,  
Is the visible little Mary,  
But her spirit's in fairy-land.  
She is where never care nor sorrow  
Her gentle heart may approach ;  
She is riding with Cinderella,  
To the ball in a pumpkin-coach.

She wanders alone with Aladdin,  
In enchanted gardens strange,  
Sees a grim old godmother quickly  
To a beautiful fairy change.  
She reads with wonder how vipers  
And rubies and diamonds fell  
From the mouths of the good and bad maidens  
Who went to the fairy well.

She sees Jack the bean-stalk climbing  
To the country far up the sky ;  
Sees Little Red Riding Hood strolling,  
And the gaunt wolf prowling by,  
And she reads of the wicked uncle,  
And blesses the redbreast good,  
For covering over with forest leaves  
The little babes in the wood.

With Jack, the Killer of Giants,  
She enters the Ogre's hall,  
Notes the "dodge" of the hasty-pudding,  
And watches the Monster's fall ;  
And she visits Bluebeard's castle,  
And hears Fatima say,  
"Oh, whatever can be in that closet?"  
And she watches her turn the key.

She is down in the depths of ocean,  
In a beautiful coral cell ;  
Hearing the sea-nymphs singing,  
And couched in a Nautilus shell ;  
On a magic horse she is riding,  
Swift through the azure air.  
Or she sits on a magic carpet,  
And can "wish" herself everywhere.

She knows old Sinbad, the sailor,  
The Valley of Diamonds sees,  
And pick in a Persian garden  
Fruits of ruby from crystal trees ;  
She walks through the streets of Bagdad,  
Naught from the sight is hid,  
For she's led by the Vizier Graffad,  
And the Caliph Alraschid.

She sees the shrewd Morgiana  
Fasten the bolts and bars,  
Then, whispering, pour boiling oil on  
The Forty Thieves in the jars,  
She shudders to see the Genii  
From the casket freed and risen,  
And shouts from the Fisherman cunning,  
Shuts him up again in his prison.

Her playmates are all forgotten,  
Nor hunger nor thirst she feels,

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE.

For she has as companions fairies,  
And exists on fairy meals.  
So she sits till darkening wainscot  
Is tinged with the moon's first beams,  
There she drops her head o'er the volume,  
And is off to the land of dreams.

Alas ! that the faith of childhood  
Should vanish before our prime,  
Bright days when all things seemed possible,  
In the once upon a time !  
Who does not wish, when the cares of age  
Spirit and frame assail,  
They were bending again o'er a picture page  
Reading a fairy tale.

CHYLENA.  
—Transcript.

Boston, December, 1868.

THE EXILE'S PRAYER.

[In his work on the Mind, Dr. Bush mentions the fact attested by clergymen of his acquaintance, that the aged foreigners whom they attended, generally prayed, on their death-beds, in their native language, though in many cases, they had not spoken it for fifty or sixty years.]

He speaks. The lingering locks, that cold  
And few and gray, fall o'er his brow,  
Were bright, with childhood's clustered gold,  
When last that voice was heard as now,  
He speaks ! and as with flickering blaze,  
Life's last dim embers, waning, burn,  
Fresh from the unsealed fount of praise,  
His childhood's gushing words return.

Ah ! who can tell what visions roll  
Before those wet and clouded eyes,  
As, o'er the old man's parting soul,  
His childhood's wakened memories rise !  
The fields are green and glad some still,  
That smiled around his sinless home,  
And back, from ancient vale and hill,  
Exultant echoes bounding come !

He treads that soil, the first he pressed ;  
He shouts with all his boyish glee ;  
He rushes to his mother's breast ;  
He clasps and climbs his father's knee ;  
And then the prayer that nightly rose,  
Warm from his hisping lips of yore,  
Burst forth, to bless that evening's close  
Whose slumbers earth shall break no more !

Dark though our brightest lot may be,  
From toil to sin and sorrow driven,  
Sweet childhood ! we have still in thee  
A link that holds us dear to heaven !  
When Mercy's errand angel's near,  
'Tis in thy raiment that they shine,  
And if one voice reach Mercy's ear,  
That blessed voice is surely thine !

God of his father ! may the breath  
That upward wafts the exile's sigh,  
Rise, fragrant, from the lips of death,  
As the first prayer of infancy !  
Frown not, if through his childhood, back,  
The old man heavenward seeks his way,  
Thy light was on that morning track,  
It can but lead to Thee and day !

## A SON OF THE SOIL.

### PART I.

#### CHAPTER I.

"I SAY, you boy, it always rains here, doesn't it?—or 'whiles snaws'—as the aborigines say. You're a native, aren't you? When do you think the rain will go off?—do you ever have any fine weather here? I don't see the good of a fine country when it rains for ever and ever? What do you do with yourselves, you people, all the year round in such a melancholy place?"

"You see we know no better"—said the farmer of Ramore, who came in at the moment to the porch of his house, where the young gentleman was standing, confronted by young Colin, who would have exploded in boyish rage before now, if he had not been restrained by the knowledge that his mother was within hearing—"and, wet or dry, the country-side comes natural to them it belongs to. If it werena for a twinge o' the rheumatics noo and then,—and my lads are owre young for that,—it's a grand country. If it's nae great comfort to the purse, it's aye a pleasure to the e'e. Come in to the fire, and take a seat till the rain blows by. *My lads,*" said Colin of Ramore, with a twinkle of approbation in his eye, "take little heed whether it's rain or shine."

"I'm of a different opinion," said the stranger; "I don't like walking up to the ankles in those filthy roads."

He was a boy of fifteen or so, the same age as young Colin, who stood opposite him, breathing hard with opposition and natural enmity; but the smart Etonian considered himself much more a man of the world and of experience than Colin the elder, and looked on the boy with calm contempt.

"I'll be glad to dry my boots if you'll let me," he said, holding up a foot which beside young Colin's sturdy hoof looked preternaturally small and dainty.

"A fit like a lassie's!" the country boy said to himself with responsive disdain. Young Colin laughed half aloud as his natural enemy followed his father into the house.

"He's feared to wet his feet," said the lad, with a chuckle of mockery, holding forth his own which to his consciousness were never dry. Any moralist, who had happened to be at hand, might have suggested to Colin that a faculty for acquiring and keeping up wet feet during every hour of the twenty-four which he did not spend in bed was no great matter to brag of: but then moralists did not flourish at Ramore. The boy made a rush out through the soft-falling, incessant rain, dashed down upon the shingly beach with an impetuosity which dispersed the wet pebbles on all sides of him, and jumping into the boat, pushed out upon the loch, not for any particular purpose, but to relieve a little his indignation and boyish discomfiture. The boat was clumsy enough, and young Colin's "style" in rowing was not of a high order, but it caught the quick eye of the Eton lad, as he glanced out from the window.

"That fellow can row," he said to himself, but aloud, with the *nonchalance* of his race, as he went forward, passing the great cradle, which stood on one side of the fire, to the chair which the farmer's wife had placed for him. She received with many kindly, homely invitations and welcomes the serene young potentate as he approached her fireside throne.

"Come awa—come in to the fire. The roads are past speaking o' in this soft weather. Maybe the young gentleman would like to change his feet," said the soft-voiced woman, who sat in a wicker-work easy-chair, with a very small baby, and cheeks still pale from its recent arrival. She had soft, dark, beaming eyes, and the softest pink flush coming and going over her face, and was wrapped in a shawl, and evidently considered an invalid—which, for the mother of seven or eight children, and the mistress of Ramore Farm, was an honorable but inconvenient luxury. "I could bring you a pair of my Colin's stockings in a moment. I dare say they're about your size—or if you would like to gang



ben the house into the spare room, and change them—”

“Oh, thanks; but there is no need for that,” said the visitor, with a slight blush, being conscious, as even an Eton boy could not help being, of the humorous observation of the farmer, who had come in behind him, and in whose eyes it was evident the experienced “man” of the fifth form was a less sublime personage than he gave himself credit for being. “I am living down at the Castle,” he added, hastily; “I lost my way on the hills, and got dreadfully wet; otherwise I don’t mind the rain.” And he held the dainty boots, which steamed in the heat, to the fire.

“But you maunna gang out to the hills in such slight things again,” said Mrs. Campbell, looking at them compassionately; “I’ll get you a pair of my Colin’s strong shoes and stockings that’ll keep your feet warm. I’ll just lay the wean in the cradle, and you can slip them off the time I’m away,” said the good woman, with a passing thought for the boy’s bashfulness. But the farmer caught her by the arm and kept her in her chair.

“I suppose there’s mair folk than you about the house, Jeanie?” said her husband, “though you’re so positive about doing everything yourself”. I’ll tell the lass; and I advise you, young gentleman, not to be shamefaced, but take the wife’s advice. It’s a great quality o’ hers to ken what’s good for other folk.”

“I ken by mysel’,” said the gentle-voiced wife; with a smile—and she got up and went softly to the window, while the young stranger took her counsel. “There’s Colin out in the boat again, in a perfect pour of rain,” she said to herself, with a gentle sigh—“he’ll get his death o’ cauld; but, to be sure, if he had been to get his death that gate, it would have come afore now. There’s a great deal of rain in this country you’ll be thinking?—a’ the strangers say sae; but I canna see that they bide away, for a’ that, though they’re aye grumbling. And if you’re fond o’ the hills, you’ll get reconciled to the rain. I’ve seen mony an afternoon when there was scarce an hour without two or three rainbows, and the mist liftin’ and droppin’ again, as if it was set to music. I canna say I have any experience mysel’; but so far as ane can imagine, a clear sky and a shining sun, day after day, would be awfu’ monotonous—like

a face wi’ a set smile. I tell the bairns it’s as guid as a fairy tale to watch the clouds—and it’s no common sunshine when it does come, but a kind o’ wistful light, as if he couldna tell whether he ever might see you again; but it’s awfu’ when the crops are out, as they are the noo—the Lord forgive me for speaking as if I liked the rain!”

And by this time her boy-visitor, having succeeded, much to his comfort and disgust, in replacing his wet *chaussures* by Colin’s dry, warm stockings and monstrous shoes, Mrs. Campbell came back to her seat and lifted her baby again on her knee. The baby was of angelic disposition, and perfectly disposed to make itself comfortable in its cradle; but the usually active mother evidently made it a kind of excuse to herself for her compulsory repose.

“The wife gets easy to her poetry,” said the farmer, with a smile, “which is pleasant enough to hear, though it doesn’t keep the grain from sprouting. You’re fond of the hills, you Southland folk? You’ll be from level land yourself, I reckon?—where a’ the craps were safe housed afore the weather broke? We have nae particular reason to complain yet, if we could but make sure o’ a week’s or twa’s dry weather. It’ll be the holidays still with you?”

“Yes,” said young Frankland, slightly disgusted at being so calmly set down as a school-boy.

“I hear there’s some grand schools in England,” said Mrs. Campbell; “no’ that they’re to compare wi’ Edinburgh, I suppose? Colin, there’s some sherry wine in the press; I think a glass wouldna’ harm the young gentleman after his waiting. He’ll take something anyway, if you would tell Jess. It’s hungry work climbing our hills for a laddie like you, at least if I may reckon by my ain laddies that are aye ready at mealtimes,” said the farmer’s wife, with a gracious smile that would not have misbecome a duchess. “You’ll be at ane o’ the great schools, I suppose? I aye like to learn what I can when there’s ony opportunity. I would like my Colin to get a’ the advantages, for he’s well worthy o’ a guid education, though we’re rather out of the way of it here.”

“I am at Eton,” said the English boy, who could scarcely refrain from a little ridicule at the idea of sharing “a’ the advantages” of that distinguished foundation with a colt like young Colna; “but I should think you would

find it too far off to send your son there," he added, all his good breeding being unable to smother a slight laugh as he looked round the homely apartment and wondered what "all the fellows" would say to a schoolfellow from Ramore.

"Nae occasion to laugh, young gentleman," said Colin the elder; "there's been lord chancellors o' England, and generals o' a' the forces, that have come out of houses nae better than this. I am just as ye find me; but I wouldna' say what might befall our Colin. In this country there's nae law to bind a man to the same line o' life as his fathers. Despise naeboddy, my man, or you may live to be despised in your turn."

"I beg your pardon," said young Frankland, blushing hotly, and feeling Colin's shoes weigh upon his feet like lead; "I did not intend—"

"No, no," said Mrs. Campbell, soothingly; "it's the maister that takes up fancies; but nae doubt Eton is far ower-expensive for the like of us, and a bit callant like you may laugh without ony offence. When Colin comes to be a man he'll make his ain company, or I'm mistaen; but I've no wish to pit him among lords and gentlemen's sons that would jeer at his homely ways. And they tell me there's schules in Edinburgh far afore anything that's kent in England—besides the college," said the mother, with a little pride; "our Colin's done with his schuling. Education takes longer wi' the like of you. After Martinmas he's gaun in to Glasgow to begin his *course*."

To this proud intimation the young visitor listened in silence, not being able to connect the roughshod lad in the boat, with a university, whatever might be its form. He addressed himself to the scones and butter which Jess the servant, a handsome, powerful woman of five feet ten or so, had set before him on the table. Jess lingered a little ere she left the room, to pinch the baby's cheeks, and say, "Bless the lamb! eh, what a guid bairn!" with patriarchal friendly familiarity. Meanwhile, the farmer sat down, with a thump which made it creak, upon the large old hair-cloth sofa which filled up one end of the room.

"I've heard there's a great difference between our colleges and the colleges in England," said Colin. "'Wi' you they dinna train a lad to onything in particular; wi' us it's a' for a profession,—the kirk, or the law,

or physick, as it may be,—a fair mair sensible system. I'm no sure it's just civil, though," said the farmer, with a quaint mingling of Scotch complacency and Scotch politeness, "to talk to a stranger of naething but the inferiority o' his ain country. It may be a' true enough, but there's pleasanter topics o' discourse. The Castle's a bonnie situation? and if you're fond o' the water, yachting and boating, and that kind o' thing, there's grand opportunity amang our lochs."

"We've got a yacht," said the boy, who found the scones much to his taste, and began to feel a glow of comfort diffusing itself through his inner man—"the fastest sailer I know. We made a little run yesterday down to the Kyles; but Sir Thomas prefers the grouse, though it's awfully hard work, I can tell you, going up those hills. It's so beastly wet," said the young hero, "I never was down here before; but Sir Thomas comes every year to the Highlands—he likes it—he's as strong as a horse; but I prefer the yacht, for my part."

"And who's Sir Thomas, if ane may speer—some friend?" said the farmer's wife.

"Oh—he's my father!" said the Etonian; and a natural flush of shamefacedness at acknowledging such a relationship rose upon the countenance of the British boy.

"Your father?" said Mrs. Campbell, with some amazement, "that's an awfu' queer way to speak of your father; and have you ony brothers and sisters that you're this lang distance off your lane,—and your mamma may be anxious about you?" continued the kind mother, with a wistful look of inquiry. She was prepared to be sorry for him, concluding that a boy who spoke of a father in such terms, must be motherless, and a neglected child. It was the most tender kind of curiosity which animated the good woman. She formed a theory about the lad on the spot, as women do, and concluded that his cruel father paid no regard to him, and that the boy's heart had been hardened by neglect and want of love. "Figure our Colin ca'ing the maister Mr. Campbell!" she said to herself, and looked very pitifully at young Frankland, who ate his scone without any consciousness of her amiable imaginations.

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said the calm youth, "She knows better; there's ten of us, and some one of the family comes to grief most days, you know. She's used to that. Be-

sides, I'll get home long before Sir Thomas. It's only four now, and I suppose one could walk down from here—how soon?" All this time he went on so steadily at the scones and the milk, that the heart of the farmer's wife, warmed to the possessor of such a frank and appreciative appetite.

"You might put the horse in the gig and drive the young gentleman down," said the soft-hearted woman, "or Colin could row him in the boat as far as the pier. It's a lang walk for such a callant, and you're no thrang. It's awfu' to think o' the rain how it's taking the bread out of us poor folk's mouths; but to be sure it's the Lord's will—if it be na," said the homely speculatist, "that the weather's aye of the things that has been permitted, for wise reasons, to fa' into Ither Hands; and I'm sure, judging by the way it comes just when it is no' wanted, aye might think so, mony a time in this country side. But ah! its sinfu' to speak,—and look at yon bonnie rainbow," she continued, turning to the window with her baby in her arms. Young Frankland got up slowly as he finished his scone. He was only partially sensible of the extreme beauty of the scene before him; but the farmer's wife stood with her baby in her arms, with hidden lights kindling in her soft eyes, expanding and beaming over the lovely landscape. It did her good like a cordial; though even Colin, her sensible husband, looked on with a smile upon his good-humored countenance, and was a little amused and much puzzled, as he had been a hundred times before, seeing his wife's pleasure in those common and every-day processes of nature, to know why.

Young Colin in the boat understood better,—he was lying on his oars gazing at it the same moment; arrested in his petulant, boyish thoughts, as she had been in her anxieties, the lad came out of, and lost himself in the scene. The sun had come out suddenly upon the noble range of hills which stretched across the upper end of the loch—that wistful, tender sun which shone out, dazzling with pathetic gleams of sudden love in this country, "as if he couldna tell whether he might ever see you again," as Mrs. Campbell said—and just catching the skirts of the rain, had flung a double rainbow across the lovely curve of the upper banks. One side of the arch, stooping over the heathery hillside, lighted it up with an unearthly glory, and the other came

down in stately columns, one grand shaft within the other, with a solid magnificence and steadiness, into the water. Young Frankland, at the window, could not help thinking within himself, what a beautiful picture it would make, "if any of those painter fellows could do a rainbow;" but as for young Colin in the boat, the impulse in his heart was to dash up to those heavenly archways, and embrace the shining pillar, and swing himself aloft half-boy, half-poet, to the celestial world, where fiery columns could stand fast upon moving waters—and all was true, but nothing real. The hills for their share, lay very quiet, taking no part in the momentary drama of the elements; standing passive, letting the sudden light search them over and over, as if seeking for hidden treasure. Just in the midst of the blackness of the rain, never was light and joy so sweet and sudden. The farmer's wife came away from the window with a sigh of pleasure, as the baby stirred in her arms; "Eh, but the world's bonnie, bonnie!" she said to herself, with a feeling that some event of joyful importance had just been enacted before her. As for the boy on the loch, who, being younger, was more abstracted from common affairs, his dream was interrupted loudly by a call from the door. "Come in wi' the boat; I've a message to gie ye for the pier," cried the farmer, at the top of his voice; and the country boy started back to himself, and made a dash at his oars, and pulled inshore as violently and unhand-somely as if the nature of his dreams had been found out, and he was ashamed of himself. Colin forgot all the softening influences of the scene, and all the fine thoughts that had, unconscious to himself, come into his head, when he found that the commission his father meant to give him, was that of rowing the stranger boy as far as the pier, which was about three miles farther down the loch. If disobedience had been an offence understood at Ramore, possibly he might have refused; but neither boy nor man, however well inclined, is likely to succeed in doing, the first time of trying, a kind of sin with which he has no acquaintance. To give Colin justice, he did his best, and showed a cordial inclination to make himself disagreeable. He came in so clumsily that the boat grounded a yard or two off shore, and would not by any coaxing be persuaded to approach nearer. And when young Frankland, much to his amaze-

ment, leaped on board without wetting his feet, as the country lad maliciously intended, and came against Colin with such force as almost to knock him down, the young boatman thrust his passenger forward very rudely, and was as near capsizeing the boat as pride would permit him. "Sit forrit in the stern, sit forrit. Were ye never in a boat afore, that ye think I can row, and you sitting there?" said the unchristian Colin, bringing one of the oars heavily against his adversary's shins.

"What the deuce do you mean by that? Give me the oar! We don't row like that on the Thames, I can tell you," said the stranger; and the brief skirmish between them for the possession of the oar having terminated abruptly by the intervention of Colin the elder, who was still within hearing, the two boys set off, sullenly enough, down the loch. The rainbow was dying off by this time, and the clouds rolling up again over the hills; and the celestial pillars and heavenly archways had no longer, as may be supposed, since this rude invasion of the real and disagreeable, the least morsel of foundation in the thoughts of young Colin of Ramore.

## CHAPTER II.

"YE saw the young gentleman safe to the pier? He's a bonnie lad, though maybe no as weel-mannered as ane would like to see," said Mrs. Campbell. "Keep me! such a way to name his father! Bairns maun be awfu' neglected in such a grand house—aye left wi' servants, and never trained to trust their bits of secrets to father or mother. Laddies," said the farmer's wife, with a little solemnity, looking across the sleeping baby upon the four heads of different sizes which bent over their supper at the table before her, "mind you aye, that, right or wrong, them that's maist interested in whatever befalls you is them that belongs to you—maist ready to praise if ye've done weel, and excuse you if ye've done wrang. I hope you were civil to the strange callant, Colin, my man?"

"Oh, ay," said young Colin, not without a movement of conscience; but he did not think it necessary to enter into details.

"When a callant like that is pridefu', and looks as if he thought himself better than other folk, I hope my laddies are no the ones to mind," said the mistress of Ramore. "It shows he hasna had the advantages that

might have been expected. It's nae harm to you, but a great deal of harm to him. Ye dinna ken how weel off you are, you boys," said the mother, making a little address to them as they sat over their supper; little Johnnie, whose porridge was too hot for him, turned towards her the round, wondering black eyes, which beamed out like a pair of stray stars from his little freckled face, and through his wisps of flaxen hair, bleached white by rain and sun; but the three others went on very steadily with their supper, and did not disturb themselves; "there's aye your father at hand ready to tell ye whatever you want to ken—no like yon poor callant, that would have to gang to a tutor, or a servant, or something worse; no that he's an ill lad—die—but I'm aye keen to see ye behave yourselves like gentlemen, and yon wasna ony great specimen, as it was very easy to see."

After this there was a pause, for none of the boys were disposed to enter into that topic of conversation. After a little period of silence, during which the spoons made a diversion, and filled up the vacancy, they began to find their tongues again.

"It's awfu' wet up on the hill," said Archie, the second boy; "and they say the glass is aye falling, and the corn on the Barn-ton fields has been out this three weeks, and Dugald Macfarlane, he says its sprouting—and, O mother!"

"What is it, Archie?"

"The new minister came by when I was down at the smiddy with the brown mare. You never saw such a red head. It is red enough to set the kirk on fire. They were saying at the smiddy that naeboddy would stand such a color of hair—it's waur than no preaching weel—and I said I thought that too," said the enterprising Archie; "for I'm sure I never mind ony o' the sermon, but I couldna forget such red hair."

"And I saw him too," said little Johnnie; "he clapped me on the head, and said how was my mammaw, and I said we never ca'ed onybody mammaw, but just mother; and then he clapped me again, and said I was a good boy. What for was I a good boy?" said Johnnie, who was of an inquiring and philosophical frame of mind, "because I said we didna say mammaw? or just because it was me?"

"Because he's a kind man, and has a kind thought for even the little bairns," said Mrs.



Campbell, "and it wasna like a boy o' mine to say an idle word against him. Do you think they know better at the smiddy, Archie, than here? Poor gentleman," said the good woman, "to be a' this time wearyin' and waitin', and his heart yearnin' within him to get a kirk, and do his Master's work; and then to ha'e a parcel of haverels set up, and make a faction against him because he has a red head. It makes ane think shame o' human nature and Scotch folk baith."

"But he canna preach, mother," said Colin, breaking silence almost for the first time; "the red head is only an excuse."

"I dinna like excuses," said his mother, "and I never kent before that you were a judge o' preaching. You may come to ken better about it yoursel' before a' 's done. I canna but think there's something wrang when the like o' that can be," said Mrs. Campbell; "he's studied, and he's learned Latin and Greek, and found out a' the ill that can be said about Scripture, and a' the lies that ever have been invented against the truth; and he's been brought up to be a minister a' his days, and knows what's expected. But as soon as word gangs about that the earl has promised him our kirk, there's opposition raised. No' that onybody kens ony ill of him; but there's the smith, and the wright, and Thomas Scott o' Lintwearie, maun lay their heads thegither, and first they say he canna preach, and then that he'll no' visit, and at least if a' thing else fails, that he has a red head. If it was a new doctor that was coming, wha would be heeding about the color o' his hair? but it's the minister that's to stand by our death-beds, and baptize our bairns, and guide us in the right way; and we're no' to let him come in peace, or sit down in comfort. If we canna keep him from getting the kirk, we can make him miserable when he does get it. Eh, bairns; I think shame! and I'm no' so sure as I am in maist things," said the farmer's wife, looking up with a consciousness of her husband's presence; "that the maister himself—"

"Weel I'm aye for popular rights," said Colin of Ramore. He had just come in, and had been standing behind taking off his big coat, on which the rain glistened, and listening to all that his wife said, "But if Colin was a man and a minister," said the farmer,

with a gleam of humor, as he drew his chair towards the fire, "and had to fight his way to a kirk like a' the young men now-a-days, I wouldna say I would like it. They might object to his big mouth; and you've ower muckle a mouth yourself, Jeanie," continued big Colin, looking admiringly at the comely mother of his boys. "I might tell them wha' he took it from, and that if he had as grand a flow of language as his mother, there would be nae fear o' him. As for the red head, the earl himself's a grand example, and if red hair's right in an earl, it canna be immoral in a minister; but Jeanie, though you're an awfu' revolutionary, ye maunna meddle with the kirk, nor take away popular rights."

"I'm no gaun to be led into an argument," said the mistress, with a slightly vexed expression; "but I'm far from sure about the kirk. After you've opposed the minister's coming in, and holden committees upon him, and offered objections, and done your best to worry the life out o' him, and make him disgusted baith at himsel' and you, do you think after that ye can attend to him when you're weel, and send for him when you're sick, wi' the right feelings? But I'm no gaun to speak ony mair about the minister. Is the corn in yet, Colin, from the East Park? Eh, bless me! and it was cut before this wean was born!"

"We'll have but a poor harvest after a'," said the farmer; "it's a disappointment, but it canna be helpit. It's strange how something aye comes in, to keep a man down when he thinks he's to have a bit margin; but we must jog on, Jeanie, my woman. As long as we have bread to eat, let us be thankful. And as for Colin, it needna make ony difference. Glasgow's no so far off, but he can still get his parritch out of the family meal; and as long as he's careful and diligent we'll try and fend for him. It's hard work getting bread out of our hillside," said big Colin; "but ye may have a different life from your father's, lad, if ye take heed to the opportunities in your hands."

"A' the opportunities in the world," said Colin the younger, in a burst, "wouldna give me a chance like yon English fellow. Everything comes ready to him. It's no fair. I'll have to make up wi' him first, and then beat him—and so I would," said the boy, with a



glow on his face, and a happy unconsciousness of contradicting himself, "if I had the chance."

"Well," said big Colin, "that's just ane o' the things we have to count upon in our way of living. It's little credit to a man to be strong," said the farmer, stretching his great arms with a natural consciousness of power, "unless he has that to do that tries it. It's harder work to me, you may be sure, to get a pickle corn off the hillside, than for the English farmers down in yon callant's country to draw wheat and fatness out o' their furrows. But I think myself nane the worse a man," continued Colin of Ramore, with a smile. "Sir Thomas, as the laddie ca's him, gangs wading over the heather a' day after the grouse and the patricks; he thinks he's playing himsel', but he's as hard at work as I am. We're a' bluid relations, though the family likeness whiles lies deep and is hard to find. A man maun be fighting wi' something. If it's no the dour earth that refuses him bread, it's the wet bog, and the heather that comes atween him and his sport, as he ca's it. Never you mind wha's before you on the road. Make up to him, Colin. Many a day he'll stray out o' the path gathering straws to divert himself, when you've naething to do but to push on."

"Eh, but I wouldna like a laddie of mine to think," interrupted his mother, eagerly, "that there's nae guid but getting on in the world. I'll not have my bairns learn ony such lesson. Laddies," said the farmer's wife, in all the solemnity of her innocence, "mind you this aboon a'. You might be princes the morn, and no as good men as your father. There's nae Sir Thomases, nor earls, nor lord chancellors I ever heard tell o', that was mair thought upon nor wi' better reason—"

At this moment Jess entered from the kitchen, to suggest that it was bedtime.

"And lang enough for the mistress to be sitting up, and she so delicate," said the sole servant of the house. "If ye had been in your ain room wi' a fire and a book to read, it would have been wiser-like, than among a' thae noisy laddies, wi' the wean and a seam as if ye were as strong as me. Maister, I wish you would speak to Colin; he's awfu' masterfu'; instead of gaun to his bed, like a civilized lad, yonder he is awa' ben to the kitchen and down by the fire to read his book, till his hair's like a singed sheep's head, and

his cheeks like burning peats. Ane canna do a hand's-turn wi' a parcel o' callants about the place day and nicht," said Jess, in an agrieved tone.

"And just when Archie Candlish has suppered his horses and come in for half-an-hour's crack," said the master. "I'll send Colin to his bed; but dinna have ower muckle to say to Archie; he's a rover," continued the good-tempered farmer, who "made allowances" for a little love-making. He raised himself out of his arm-chair with a little hesitation, like a great mastiff uncoiling itself out of a position of comfort, and went slowly away, moving off through the dimly lighted room like an amiable giant as he was.

"Eh, keep me!—and Archie Candlish had just that very minute lookit in at the door," said Jess, lifting her apron to her cheeks, which were glowing with blushes and laughter. "No that I wanted him; but he came in wi' the news aboot the new minister, and noo I'll never hear an end o't, and the maister will think he's aye there."

"If he's a decent lad and means well, it's nae great matter," said the mistress; "but I dinna approve of ower mony lads. Ye may gang through the wood and through the wood and take but a crooked stick at the end."

"There's naeboddy I ken o' that the mistress can mean, but Bowed Jacob," said Jess reflectively, "and ane might do waur than take him, though he's nae great figure of a man. The siller that body makes is a miracle, and it would be grand to live in a twa-storied house, and keep a lass; but he's an awfu' establishment man, and he micht interfere wi' my convictions," said the young woman with a glimmer of humor which found no response in the mistress's serious eyes; for Mrs. Campbell, being of a poetical and imaginative temperament, took most things much in earnest, and was slow to perceive a joke.

"You shouldna speak about convictions in that light way, Jess," said the farmer's wife. "I wouldna meddle wi' them mysel', no for a' the wealth o' the parish; but though the maister and me are strong Kirk folk, ye ken ye never were molested here."

"To hear Archie Candlish about the new minister!" cried Jess, whose quick ear had already ascertained that her master had paused in the kitchen to speak to her visitor, "ye would laugh; but though it's grand fun for the folk, maybe it's no so pleasant for the

poor man. We put down our names for the man we like best, us Free Kirk folks ; but it's different in the parish. There's Tammas Scott, he vows he'll object to every presentee the earl puts in. I'm no heeding for the earl," said Jess ; " he's a dour Tory and can fecht for himself ; but eh I wouldna be that poor minister set up there for a' the parish to object to. I'd rather work at a weaver's loom or sell herrings about the country-side, if it was me ! "

" Weel, weel, things that are hard for the flesh are guid for the spirit—or at least folk say so," cried the mistress of Ramore.

" I dinna believe in that for my part," said the energetic Jess, as she lifted the wooden cradle in her strong arms. " Leave the wean still, mistress, and draw your shawl about ye. I could carry you, too, for that matter. Eh me, I'm no o' that way o' thinking ; when ye're happy and weel likit, ye're aye good in proportion. No to gang against the words o' Scripture," said Jess, setting down the big cradle with a bump in her mistress's bedroom, and looking anxiously at the sleeping baby, which, with a little start and gape, resisted this attempt to break its slumbers ; " but eh, mistress, it's aye my opinion that the happier folk are the better they are. I never was as happy as in this house," continued the grateful handmaiden, furtively pursuing a tear into the corner of her eye, with a large forefinger, " no that I'm meaning to say I'm guid ; but yet—"

" You might be waur," said the mistress, with a smile. " You've aye a kind heart and a blythe look, and that gangs a far way wi' the maister and me. But it's time Archie Candlish was hame to his mother. When there's nae moon and such heavy roads, you shouldna bring a decent man three miles out of his way at this hour o' the nicht to see yon."

" Me? As if I was wanting him," said Jess, " and him no a word to say to me or ony lass, but about the beasts and the new minister ! I'll be back in half a minute ; I wouldna waste my time upon a gomeril like yon."

While Jess sallied forth through the chilly passages to which the weeping atmosphere had communicated a sensation of universal damp, the mistress knelt down to arrange her infant more commodiously in its homely nest. The red firelight made harmless glimmers all over her figure, catching now and then a side-

long glance out of her eyes as she smoothed the little pillow, and laid the tiny coverlet over the small unconscious creature wrapped closely in webs and bands of sleep. When she had done, she still knelt, watching it as mothers will, with a smile upon her face. After a while the beaming, soft dark eyes turned to the light with a natural attraction, to the glimmers of the fire shooting accidental rays into all the corners, and to the steady little candle on the mantle-shelf. The mistress looked round on all the familiar objects of the homely, low-roofed chamber.

Outside, the rain fell heavily still upon the damp and sodden country, soaking silently in the dark into the forlorn wheat-sheaves, which had been standing in the fields to dry in ineffectual hopefulness for weeks past. Matters did not look promising on the farm of Ramore, and nothing had occurred to add any particular happiness to its mistress's lot. But happiness is perverse and follows no rule, and Jess's sentiment found an echo in Mrs. Campbell's mind. As she knelt by the cradle, her heart suddenly swelled with a consciousness of the perfection of life and joy in her and around her. It was in homely words enough that she gave it expression, " A' weel, and under ae roof," she said to herself with exquisite dews of thankfulness in her eyes. " And the Lord have pity on lone folk and sorrowful," added the tender woman, with a compassion beyond words, a yearning that all might be glad like herself,—the pity of happiness, which is of all pity, the most divine. Her boys were saying abrupt prayers, one by one, as they sank in succession into dreamless slumber. The master had gone out in the rain to take one last look over his kine and his farmyard, and see that all was safe for the night, and Archie Candlish had just been dismissed with a stinging jest from the kitchen door, which Jess bolted and barred with cheerful din, singing softly to herself as she went about the house putting up the innocent shutters, which could not have resisted the first touch of a skilful hand. The rain was falling all over the wet, silent country : the Holy Loch gleamed like a kind of twilight spot in the darkness, and the house of Ramore stood shut up and hushed, no light at all to be seen but that from the open door, which the farmer suddenly extinguished as he came in. But when the solitary light died out from the invisible hillside, and the darkness and the rain

and the whispering night took undisturbed possession, was just the moment when the mother within, kneeling over her cradle in the firelight, was surprised by that sudden, conscious touch of happiness. "Happiness? oh, ay, weel enough; we've a great deal to be thankfu' for," said big Colin, with a little sleepy surprise; "if it werna for the sprouting corn and the broken weather; but I dinna see onything particular to be happy about at this minute, and I'm gaun to my bed."

For the prose and the poetry did not exactly understand each other at all times, even in the primitive farmhouse of Ramore.

#### CHAPTER III.

THE internal economy of a Scotch parish is not so clearly comprehensible now-a-days as it was in former times. Civilization itself has made countless inroads upon the original unities everywhere, and the changes that have come to pass within the recollection of the living generation are almost as great, though very different from, those which made Scotland during last century so picturesque in its state of transition. When Sunday morning dawned upon the Holy Loch, it did not shine upon that pretty rural picture of unanimous church-going, so well known to the history of the past. The groups from the cottages took different ways—the carriage from the Castle swept round the hill to the other side of the parish, where there was an "English Chapel." The reign of opinion and liking was established in the once primitive community. Half of the people ascended the hillside to the Free Church, while the others wound down the side of the loch to the kirk which had once accommodated the whole parish. This state of affairs had become so usual that even polemical feeling had ceased to a great extent, and the two streams of church-going people crossed each other placidly without recriminations. This day, for a wonder, the sun was shining brightly, notwithstanding a cloudy, stormy sky, which now and then heaved forward a rolling mass of vapor, and dispersed it sharply over the hills in a flying mist and shower. The parish church lay at the lower end of the loch, a pretty little church built since the days when architecture had penetrated even into Scotland. Colin of Ramore and his family were there in their pew, the boys arranged in order of seniority between Mrs.

Campbell, who sat at the head, and the farmer himself who kept the seat at the door. Black-eyed Johnnie with his hair bleached white by constant exposure, and his round eyes wandering over the walls and the pews and the pulpit and the people, sat by his mother's side, and the younger Colin occupied his post of seniority by his father. They were all seated, in this disposition, when the present occupant of the Castle, Sir Thomas Frankland, lounged up the little aisle with his son after him. Sir Thomas was quite devout and respectable, a man who knew how to conduct himself even in a novel scene—and after all a Presbyterian church was no novelty to the sportsman; but to Harry the aspect of everything was new, and his curiosity was excited. It was a critical moment in the history of the parish. The former minister had been transferred only a few weeks before to a more important station, and the earl, the patron, had, according to Scotch phraseology, "presented" a new incumbent to the living. This unhappy man was ascending the pulpit when the Franklands, father and son, entered the church. For the earl's presentation by no means implied the peaceable entrance of the new minister; he had to preach, to give the people an opportunity of deciding whether they liked him or not; and if they did not like him, they had the power of "objecting;" that is, of urging special reasons for their dislike before the Presbytery, with a certainty of making a little noise in the district, and a reasonable probability of disgusting and mortifying the unlucky presentee, to the point of throwing up his appointment. All this was well known to the unfortunate man, who rose up in the pulpit as Sir Thomas found a seat, and proceeded to read the psalm with a somewhat embarrassed and faltering voice. He was moderately young and well-looking, with a face, at the present moment, more agitated than was quite harmonious with the position in which he stood; for he was quite aware that everybody was criticising him, and that the inflections of his voice and the fiery tint of his hair were being noted by eager commentators bent upon finding ground for an "objection" in everything he said. Such a consciousness naturally does not promote ease or comfort. His hair looked redder than ever, as a stray ray of sunshine gleamed in upon him, and his voice took a nervous break as he looked over the many hard, unsympa-

thetic faces which were regarding him with the sharp curiosity and inspection of excited wits. While Harry Frankland made, as he thought, "an ass of himself" on every occasion that offered—standing bolt upright when the congregation began to sing, which they did at their leisure, seated in the usual way—and kicking his heels in an attempt to kneel when everybody round him rose up for the prayer, and feeling terribly red and ashamed at each mistake, Colin the younger, of Ramore, occupied himself, like a heartless young critic as he was, in making observations on the minister. Colin, like his father, had a high opinion of "popular rights." It was his idea, somehow drawn in with the damp Highland air he breathed, that the right of objecting to a presentee was one of the most important privileges of a Scotch Churchman. Then, he was to be a minister himself, and the consciousness of this fact intensified the natural opposition which prompted the boy's mind to resist anything and everything that threatened to be imposed on him. Colin even listened to the prayer, which was a thing not usual with him, that he might find out the objectionable phrases. And to be sure there were plenty of objectionable phrases to mar the real devotion; the vainest of vain repetitions, well-known and familiar as household words to every Scotch ear, demonstrated how little effect the absence of a liturgy has in promoting fervent and individual supplications. The congregation in general listened, like young Colin, standing up in easy attitudes, and observing everything that passed around them with open-eyed composure. It did not look much like common supplication, nor did it pretend to be—for the people were but *listening* to the minister's prayer, which, to tell the truth, contained various expository and remonstrative paragraphs, which were clearly addressed to the congregation; and they were all very glad to sit down when it was over, and clear their throats, and prepare for the sermon, which was the real business of the day."

"I dinna like a' that new-fangled nonsense to begin with," said Eben Campbell, of Barnton, as he walked home after church, with the party from Ramore; "naeboddy wants twa chapters read at one diet of worship. The Bible's grand at hame, but that's no what a man gangs to the kirk for; that,

and so many prayers—it's naething but a great output of time."

"But we never can have ower muckle o' the word of God," said Colin of Ramore's wife.

"I'm of Eben's opinion," said another neighbor. "We have the word o' God at hame, and I hope we make a good use o' it; but that's no what we gang to the kirk to hear. When ye see a man that's set up in the pulpit for anither purpose a'thegether, spending half his time in reading chapters and ither preliminaries, I aye consider it's a sure sign that he hasna muckle o' his ain to say."

They were all walking abreast in a leisurely Sunday fashion up the loch; the children roaming about the skirts of the older party, some in front and some behind, occasionally making furtive investigations into the condition of the brambles, an anti-sabbatical occupation which was sharply interrupted when found out—the women picking their steps along the edges of the muddy road, with now and then a word of pleasant gossip, while the men trudged on sturdily through the puddles, discussing the great subject of the day.

"Some of the new folk from the Castle were in the kirk to-day," said one of the party,—“which is a respect to the parish the earl doesna pay himself. Things are terrible changed in that way since my young days. The auld earl, this aye's father, was an elder in the Kirk; and gentle and simple, we a' said our prayers thegither—”

"I dinna approve of that expression," said Eben of Barnton. "To speak of saying your prayers in the kirk is pure papistry. Say your prayers at hame, as I hope we a' do, at the family altar, no to speak of private devotions," said this defender of the faith, with a glance at the unlucky individual who was understood not to be so regular in the article of family prayer as he ought to have been. "We gang to the kirk to have our minds stirred up and put in remembrance. I dinna approve of the English fashion of putting everything into the prayers."

"Weel, weel, I meant nae harm," said the previous speaker. "We a' gaed to the kirk, was what I meant to say; and there's the queen, she aye sets a grand example. You'll no find her driving off three or four miles to an English chapel. I consider it's



a great respect to the parish to see Sir Thomas in the Castle pew."

"I would rather see him respect the sabbath-day," said Eben Campbell, pointing out a little pleasure-boat, a tiny little cockleshell, with a morsel of snow-white sail, which just then appeared in the middle of the loch, rushing up beautifully before the wind, through the placid waters, and lighting up the landscape with a touch of life and motion. Young Colin was at Eben's elbow, and followed the movement of his hand with keen eyes. A spark of jealousy had kindled in the boy's breast—he could not have told why. He was not so horrified as he ought to have been at the sight of the boat disturbing the Sunday quiet; but, with a swell of indignation and resentment in his boyish heart, he thought of the difference between himself and the young visitor at the Castle. It looked symbolical to Colin. He, trudging heavily over the muddy, lengthy road; the other, flying along in that dainty little bird-like boat, with those white wings of sail, which pleased Colin's eye in spite of himself, carrying him on as lightly and swiftly as heart could desire. Why should one boy have such a wonderful advantage over another? It was the first grand problem which had puzzled and embittered Colin's thoughts.

"There they go!" said the boy. "It's fine and easy, running like that before the wind. They'll get to the end o' the loch before we've got over a mile. That makes an awfu' difference," said Colin, with subdued wrath; he was thinking of other things besides the long walk from church and the muddy road.

"We'll may be get home as soon, for all that," said his father, who guessed the boy's thoughts; for the elder Colin's experienced eye had already seen that mists were rising among the hills, and that the fair breeze would soon be fair no longer. The scene changed as if by enchantment while the farmer spoke. Such changes come and go like breath over the Holy Loch. The sunshine, which had been making the whole landscape into a visible paradise, vanished suddenly off the hills and waters like a frightened thing, and a visible darkness came brooding over the mountains, dropping lower every moment, like a pall of gloom over the lower banks and the suddenly paled and shivering loch. The joyous little sail, which had been

careering on, as if by a natural impulse of delight, suddenly changed its character along with all the other details of the picture. The spectators saw its white sail, fluttering like an alarmed seabird, against the black background of cloud. Then it began to tack and waver and make awkward, tremulous darts across the darkened water. The party of pedestrians stood still to watch it, as the position became dangerous. They knew the loch and the winds too well to look on with composure. As for young Colin of Ramore, his heart began to leap and swell in his boyish bosom. Was that, his adversary, the favored rival whom he had recognized by instinct, who was fighting for his life out there in midwater, with the storm gaining on him, and his little vessel staggering in the wind? Colin did not hear the remarks of the other spectators. He felt in his heart that he was looking on at a struggle which was for life or death, and his contempt for the skill of the amateur sailor, whose unused hands were so manifestly unable to manage the boat, was mingled with a kind of despair, lest a stronger power should snatch this opponent of his own out of the future strife, in which Colin had vowed to himself to be victorious.

"You fool! take in the sail!" he shouted, putting both his hands to his mouth, forgetting how impossible it was that the sound could reach; and then scarcely knowing what he was about, the boy rushed down to the beach, and jumped into the nearest boat. The sound of his oars furiously plashing through the silence was the first indication to his companions of what he had done. And he did not even see nor hear the calls and gestures with which he was summoned back again. His oars, and how to get there at a flight like a bird, occupied his mind entirely. Yet even in his anxiety he scorned to ask for help which would have carried him so much sooner to the spot he aimed at. As the sound of his oars dashed and echoed through the profound silence, various outcries came from the group on the bank.

"It's tempting Providence!" cried Eben Campbell. "Yon's a judgment on the sabbath-breaker,—and what can the laddie do? Come back, sir, this moment, come back! Ye'll never win there in time."

As for the boy's mother, after his first start she clasped her hands together, and watched the boat with an interest too intense



for words. "He's in nae danger," she said to herself, softly; and it would have been hard to tell whether she was sorry or glad that her boy's enterprise was attended by no personal peril.

"Let him be," said the farmer of Ramore, pushing aside his anxious neighbor, who was calling Colin ineffectually, but without intermission. Colin Campbell's face had taken a sudden crimson flush, which nobody could account for. He went off up the beach with heavy, rapid steps, scattering the shingle round his feet, to a spot exactly opposite the struggling boat, and stood there watching with wonderful eagerness. The little white sail was still fluttering and struggling like a distressed bird upon the black, overclouded water. Now it lurched over till the very mast seemed to touch the loch—now recovered itself for a tremulous moment—and finally, shivering like a living creature, gave one wild, sudden stagger, and disappeared.

When the speck of white vanished out of the black landscape, a cry came out of all their hearts; and hopeless as it was, the very man who had been calling Colin back, rushed in his turn to a boat, and pushed off violently into the loch. The women stood huddled together, helpless with terror and grief. "The bit laddie! the bit laddie!" cried one of them—"some poor woman's bairn." As for Mrs. Campbell, the world grew dark round her as she strained her eyes after Colin's boat. She did not faint, for such was not the habit of the Holy Loch; but she sank down suddenly on the wet green bank, and put up her hand over her eyes as if to shade them from some imaginary sunshine, and gazed, not seeing anything, after her boy. To see her, delicate as she was, with the woman weakness which they all understood, seating herself in this wild way on the wet bank, distracted the attention of her kindly female neighbors, even from the terrible event which had just taken place before their eyes.

"Maybe the lad can swim," said Eben Campbell's wife—"onyway yonder's your Colin running races with death to save him. But you maunna sit here—come into Dugald Macfarlane's house. There's my man away in another boat and some mair. But we canna let you sit here."

"Eh, my Colin, I canna see my Colin!" said the mistress of Ramore; but they led

her away into the nearest cottage, notwithstanding her reluctance. There they all stood clustering at the window, aiding the eyes which had failed her in her weakness. Colin's mother sat silent in the chair where they had placed her, trembling and rocking herself to and fro. Her heart within her was praying and crying for the boys—the two boys whom in this moment of confused anxiety she could not separate—her own first-born, and the stranger who was "another woman's bairn." God help all women and mothers! though Colin was safe, what could her heart do but break at the thought of the sudden calamity which had shut out the sunshine from another. She rocked herself to and fro, ceasing at last to hear what they said to her, and scarcely aware of anything except the dull clank of the oars against the boat's side; somebody coming or going, she knew not which—always coming or going—never bringing certain news which was lost and which saved.

The mistress of Ramore was still in this stupor of anxiety, when young Harry Frankland, dripping and all but insensible, was carried into Dugald Macfarlane's cottage. The little room became dark instantly with such a cloud of men that it was difficult to make out how he had been saved, or if there was indeed any life left in the lad. But Dugald Macfarlane's wife, who had the ferry-boat at Struan, and understood about drowning, had bestirred herself in the mean time, and had hot blankets and other necessities in the inner room where big Colin Campbell carried the boy. Then all the men about burst at once into the narrative. "If it hadna been for little Colin o' Ramore—" was about all Mrs. Campbell made out of the tale. The cottage was so thronged that there was scarcely an entrance left for the doctor and Sir Thomas who had both been summoned by anxious messengers. By this time the storm had come down upon the loch, and a wild, sudden tempest of rain was sweeping black across hill and water, obliterating every line of the landscape. Half-way across, playing on the surface of the water was a bit of spar with a scarlet rag attached to it, which made a great show glistening over the black waves. That was all that was visible of the pleasure-boat in which the young stranger had been bounding along so pleasantly an hour before. The neighbors dropped off gradually, dispers-

ing to other adjacent houses to talk over the incident, or pushing homeward, with an indifference to the storm that was natural to the dwellers on the Holy Loch; and it was only when she was left alone, waiting for her husband, who was in the inner room with Sir Thomas and the saved boy, that Mrs. Campbell perceived Colin's bashful face gleaming in furtively at the open door.

"It's no so wet as it was; come away, mother, now," said Colin, "there's nae fears o' *him*." And the lad pointed half with an assertion, half with an inquiry, towards the inner room. It was an unlucky moment for the shy hero; for just then big Colin of Ramore appeared with Sir Thomas at the door.

"This is the boy that saved my son," said Harry's father. "You are a brave fellow; neither he nor I will ever forget it. Let me know if there is anything I can serve you in, and to the best of my exertions I will help you as you have helped me. What does he say?"

"I say," said Colin the younger, with fierce blushes, "that it wasna me. I've done naething to be thanked for. Yon fellow swims like a fish, and he saved himself."

And then there came an answering voice from the inner room—a boy's voice subdued out of its natural falsetto into feminine tones of weakness. "He's telling a lie, that fellow there," cried the other from his bed; "he picked me up when I was about done for. I'll fight him, if he likes, as soon as I'm able! But that's a lie he tells you; that's him—that Campbell fellow there."

Upon which young Colin of Ramore clenched his fists in his wet pockets, and faced towards the door, which Dugald Macfarlane's wife closed softly, looking out upon

him, shaking her head and holding up a finger to impose silence; the two fathers meanwhile looked in each other's faces. The English baronet and the Scotch farmer both broke into a low, unsteady laugh, and then with an impulse of fellowship, mutually extended their hands.

"We have nae reason to think shame of our sons," said Colin Campbell with his Scotch dignity; "as for service or reward that is neither here nor there; what my boy did your boy would do if he had the chance, and there's nae mair to be said that I can see."

"There's a great deal more to be said," said Sir Thomas; "Lady Frankland will call on Mrs. Campbell, and thank that brave boy of yours; and if you think I can forget such a service,—I tell you there's a great deal more to be said," said the sportsman, breaking down suddenly with a little effusion, of which he was half ashamed.

"The gentleman's right, Colin," said the mistress of Ramore. "God be thanked for the twa laddies! My heart was breaking for the English lady. God be thanked! That's a' there is to say. But I'll be real glad to see that open-hearted callant when he's well, and his mother too," said the farmer's wife, turning her soft eyes upon Sir Thomas, with a gracious response to the overflowing of his heart. Sir Thomas took off his hat to her as respectfully as he would have done to the queen, when she took her husband's strong arm, and followed Colin, who by this time, with his hands in his pockets, and his heart beating loudly, was half-way to Ramore; and now they had other topics besides that unfailing one of the new minister to talk of on the way.

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NATURALIZED CITIZENS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The following is believed to be a correct estimate of the number of naturalized citizens residing in the United States, with the countries whence they have originated: Ireland, 1,611,800; German States, 1,168,000; England, 430,000; British America, 250,000; France, 166,000; Scotland, 105,000; Switzerland, 54,000; Wales, 45,000; Norway, 43,000; Holland, 29,000; Italy, 10,000; Denmark, 10,000; Belgium, 9,000; Poland, 7,000; Mexico, 6,000; the Antilles, 7,000; China, 5,000; Portugal, 4,000;

Prussia, 3,000; Turkey, 2,800; various countries, 204,000; total, 4,136,000.

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ONE of the most curious farming customs in the heights of Thibet is that of stuffing quantities of hay among the higher branches of trees—the snow in winter lying five or six yards deep, and the sheep, which abound in these districts, being then able to get at the hay. This makes us think of Baron Munchausen with his horse tied to the church steeple.

## A WINTER SERMON.

Thou dwellest in a warm and cheerful home,  
 Thy roof in vain the winter tempest lashes ;  
 While houseless wretches round thy mansion  
 roam,  
 On whose unsheltered heads the torrent splashes.

Thy board is loaded with the richest meats,  
 O'er which thine eyes in staled languor wan-  
 der ;  
 Many might live on what thy mastiff eats,  
 Or feast on fragments which thy servants  
 squander.

Thy limbs are muffled from the piercing blast,  
 When from thy fireside corner thou dost sally ;  
 Many have scarce a rag about them cast,  
 With which the frosted breezes toy and dally.

Thou hast soft smiles to greet the kiss of love,  
 When thy light step resounds within the portal ;  
 Some have no friend save Him who dwells above,  
 No sweet communion with a fellow-mortal.

Thou sleepest soundly on thy costly bed,  
 Lulled by the power of luxuries unnumbered ;  
 Some pillow on a stone an aching head,  
 Never again to wake when they have slum-  
 bered.

Then think of those who, formed of kindred clay,  
 Depend upon the doles thy bounty scatters,  
 And God will hear them for thy welfare pray—  
 They are his children, though in rags and tat-  
 ters.

—Household Words.

## SONG.

WHEN sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,  
 My old sorrow wakes and cries,  
 For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,  
 And a scarlet sun doth rise ;  
 Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,  
 And the icy founts run free,  
 And the bergs begin to bow their heads,  
 And plunge, and sail in the sea.

O my lost love, and my own, own love,  
 And my love that loved me so !  
 Is there never a chink in the world above  
 Where they listen for words from below ?  
 Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore,  
 I remember all that I said,  
 And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more  
 Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail  
 To the ice-fields and the snow ;  
 Thou wert sad, for thy love did not avail,  
 And the end I could not know.  
 How could I tell I should love thee to-day,  
 Whom that day I held not dear ?  
 How could I know I should love thee away  
 When I did not love thee anear ?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain  
 With the faded bents o'erspread,

We shall stand no more by the seething main  
 While the dark wrack drives o'erhead ;  
 We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,  
 Where thy last farewell was said ;  
 But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee  
 again  
 When the sea gives up her dead.

JEAN INGELOW.

## SONG OF THE BLACKSMITH'S WIFE.

My husband's a blacksmith, and where will you  
 find  
 A man more industrious, faithful, and kind ?  
 He's determined to thrive, and in that we agree,  
 For the ring of his anvil is music to me.

Though dark his complexion and grimy his shirt,  
 Hard and horny his hand, and disfigured with  
 dirt ;  
 Yet in that rude casket a jewel I see,  
 And the ring of his anvil is music to me.

Ere Aurora's fair nymphs chase the night from  
 the skies,  
 Ere the sun pierce the glooming, from bed he  
 does rise,  
 Ere the lark leaves her nest, at his forge he will  
 be,  
 And the ring of his anvil is music to me.

Though to labor he owns, we are far from being  
 poor,  
 Industry has banished gaunt want from our door ;  
 For the blacksmith's a man independent and free,  
 And the ring of his anvil is music to me.

At a distance from home I have seen with delight,  
 The red sparks from his chimney illumine the  
 night,  
 And have heard the fast strokes on the anvil re-  
 bound,  
 And my heart has leaped up at the musical  
 sound.

Those strokes on the anvil, say, what do they  
 prove ?  
 Forethought and affection, industry and love ;  
 A resolve to be honest, respected, and free !  
 That's the tune on the anvil that's music to me.

## WIND MUSIC.

A TUNE that keeps no earthly time or measure,  
 Rising and falling at the wind's wild pleasure ;  
 Now quick in haste, now slow in languid leisure.

But always very musically sweet,  
 And always sad. No little childish feet  
 To its soft cadence dance along the street ;

No little childish voice breaks into singing,  
 By a glad impulse like a wild bird flinging  
 An echo to the sound the wind is bringing.

Rather the child, although scarce knowing why,  
 Hearing this music, passes slowly by,  
 And breathes its fear and wonder in a sigh.

SUGGESTED BY SEEING WILD ROSES BLOOM-  
ING BESIDE THE RAILWAY TRACK.

On its straight iron pathway the long train was  
rushing,  
With its noise, and its smoke, and its great hu-  
man load ;  
And I saw where a wild rose in beauty was blush-  
ing,  
Fresh and sweet by the side of the hot, dusty  
road.

Untrained were its branches, untended it flour-  
ished,  
No eye watched its opening, or mourned its  
decay,  
But its leaves by the soft dews of heaven were  
nourished,  
And it opened its buds in the warm light of day.

I asked why it grew there, where none prized its  
beauty ?

For of thousands who passed none had leisure  
to stay :

And the answer came sweetly, "I do but my  
duty.

I was told to grow here by the side of the way."

There are those on life's pathway, whose spirits  
are willing

To dwell where the busy crowd passes them by ;  
But the dew from above on their leaves is distil-  
ling,

And they bloom 'neath the smile of the All-  
seeing Eye.

They are loved by the few ; like the rose they re-  
mind us,

When tempted from duty's safe pathway to  
stray,

We, too, have a place and a mission assigned us,  
Though it be but to grow by the side of the  
way.

—*Friends' Intelligencer.*

## THE QUESTION OF COLOR.

AM I not a Man and a Brother ?

No, replies Anthropology,

Less like than one ape's like another,

Distinct in craniology ;

The form of your head and your face is

Inferior in particular ;

Your jaw projects more than our race's ;

Your front's less perpendicular.

Besides that, your skin is dyed sable.

You have also bones more ponderous ;

Their weight is so considerable,

Alone it sinks you under us.

Your shanks, too, present a deflection

From rectilinearity :

We hold your long arms an objection

As dead against your parity.

Your great-toes are formed for prehension,  
Like thumbs ; to true humanity,  
They prove, beyond contention,  
That all your claims are vanity.  
Your heel than our own's rather longer ;  
Your hair is likewise woolly ; you  
Are the weaker, and we are the stronger ;  
So we've a right to bully you.

How strange will this new information  
Appear to that Society  
Combined for your emancipation !  
Perchance 'twill shock their piety :  
Perhaps it may stagger Lord Brougham :  
With more, too old to learn it, he  
Will uphold, for all we can show 'em,  
Your manhood and fraternity.

—*Punch.*

## OPERA IN CHANCERY.

WHAT is all this quarrel in which Colonel Knox  
Against Mr. Gye is uplifting his Vox ?

One's sense of the fitness of things it quite shocks  
When Harmony's friends give each other hard  
knocks.

Why, the case is just this. The brave Colonel  
had crocks

Full of gold, and no end of consols in the stocks,  
And debentures, for aught that I know, in the  
Docks ;

Of which tin, with true friendship (like that of  
*Miss Tox*),

He advanced heavy sums, but demanded a box,  
To be kept every night, which in Latin is *nox*,

For his own occupation, no matter what flocks  
Should crowd to the Opera and ask for it. *Mox*,

One night of a run upon Leader and Cock's,

And other librarians, for boxes ; when rocks

Had melted at prayers of young ladies in frocks

In the height of the fashion,—a keeper unlocks

The box set apart for the brave Colonel Knox.

It was nine of the night by the watches and  
clocks,

When he comes to the house, with his elegant  
hocks

Invested in oh, the most beautiful socks,

And finds in possession a party that blocks

His entrance, and all his remonstrances mocks.

He might have gone off and beheld *Box and*  
*Cox*,

Or to chapel, to Spurgeon's, to Binney's, or  
Brock's,

Or home to a novel of old Paul de Kock's,

Or to read rare Ben Jonson's fine play of *The*  
*Fox*,

Or to Tatt's and made bets upon horses and  
jocks,

Or to good Paddy Green's to hear music of  
Locke's ;

But no, on his mouth there hath tramped the  
Big Ox,

And he says there's a partnership. Firm :  
"Gye and Knox."

—*Punch.*